The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1886.

The Week.

It is very evident that the returns from the general elections throughout the country are going to furnish very interesting material for study. There are few signs of a large popular movement in the direction of either party. The most notable indication appears to be a subsidence in the prohibition movement, which makes a slight showing everywhere. Pennsylvania shows about the usual off-year Republican majority, but no signs of a great awakening because of Mr. Blaine's tour. New Jersey is Democratic, with the Legislature claimed by both parties. Connecticut has no election for State officers by the people, and the Legislature is in doubt. There is a great upheaval in Minnesota in favor of the Democrats, and a large labor movement in Wisconsin, though not large enough to prevent Gov. Rusk's re-election on the law-and-order issue. In Virginia the old Mahone influence appears to have revived with unexpected force. In New York the State has given Judge Peckham a majority of several thousands, but the Legislature has a Republican majority.

The moral of the municipal elections is simply that the party bonds are not in this city strong enough to hold men at really serious crises, and the George movement made this crisis seem really serious to tens of thousands of Republicans, as the result has shown. In other words, a large body of them took the thoroughly sane course of voting for the candidate friendly to property and order, whom they thought most likely to win. Unfortunately, the crisis was not taken seriously by Mr. Roosevelt and his friends. They seem to have looked on the whole canvass as a sort of "flyer" in politics, in which any extravagance of speech or conduct was pardonable, and which at worst would do some good to "the party." What it would do for the city seemed a secondary consideration with them. The size of the George vote, we believe, has startled a good many people. Thirty thousand or thereabouts was what even the most pessimistic were willing to assign him. But there probably never has been an element in an electioneering problem in this city about the exact value of which so little was known. Nobody's opinion about it was really important; but this very fact made the Roosevelt "flyer" all the more objectionable. People now know that what with the boycotting, Socialistic, and Anarchist vote, and the "crank" vote, there is in our city affairs a danger which it will not do to joke about or play tricks with. The election, in fact, will infuse more seriousness into city politics than there has been since Tweed's time, and more even than in Tweed's time.

The great fact which stands out above all others in the returns is, that Mr. Roosevelt has run far behind nearly every other candidate, State and city, upon the Republican ticket. He is behind, not only upon the general ticket, but upon the Judiciary, Congressional, Assembly, and Aldermanic tickets. Moreover, his vote is lower than any other Republican vote within the past six years, except that cast for Gibbs in 1884, which was in no sense a test of the party's strength, as Gibbs was put up to be traded off. The average Republican vote in this city is between 75,000 and 80,000, or from 15,000 to 20,000 more than Mr. Roosevelt has polled. An examination of the figures by Assembly districts shows very clearly that this loss comes in about equal proportion from the "brownstone voters" and the other section of the party. The loss in the latter section is again divided about equally between the Machine "boys" and the George movement. So far as "knifing" was done, it was fully as freely resorted to by the Republicans of the up-town districts as it was by the "boys." Mr. Roosevelt's failure to command the support of the most intelligent element of his own party is very distinctly revealed.

There is considerable doubt expressed concerning the motives of Mr. Blaine's friends in so unanimously and ostentatiously declaring that he is not a candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1888. The Boston *Herald* looks upon the performance as a "chestnut," and declines to take it otherwise than as a joke. It is noticeable that the Butler organ in this city is much impressed by the declarations, especially that of Col. Dudley, to the effect that Blaine would be willing to run against Cleveland, but would refuse to run against Gov. Hill, on the ground that the latter would be certain to carry New York. The transparency of that manœuvre is too plain to deceive anybody. A contest between Blaine and Hill would put civil-service and all other reforms in the background, and make the fight a choice of evils between two spoilsmen—a situation which would delight the Blaine men above all others.

Senator Sherman has been consulted about what he thinks of another nomination for Mr. Blaine, and his response is not especially favorable. He says:

"I have not had any conversation with Mr. Blaine upon the subject. It would be a delicate question to touch upon. If Mr. Blaine wants the nomination I think he can get it. It is for him to decide the matter. No candidate should be named without special reference is had to New York. The duty of the next National Convention, I take it, is to name a candidate who will be acceptable to New York. It is for Mr. Blaine to decide whether he can succeed in that State. If he should be twice beaten, it would be disastrous to him, for that would end him politically. However, it is two years off—time enough for the moulding of sentiment. I haven't heard that Mr. Blaine wants the nomination."

There is little doubt that Mr. Blaine can have the nomination if he wants it. He not only controls the machinery of his party, but he is himself the only issue which the party appears to have left. As for the Independents opposing his renomination, there is no danger of that. They would regard his candidacy as being, on the whole, as satisfactory an arrangement as could be made.

Apart from the effort which Mr. Blaine is making to force the tariff question to the front in national politics—an effort in which all tariff reformers will cordially coöperate—there is considerable evidence tending to show that the American Iron and Steel Association, the head-centre of the extreme protectionists in Pennsylvania, and the never-failing source of money supply for high-tariff propagandism, actively intervened in the recent electoral canvass. Thus, in Mr. Morrison's district in Illinois, Mr. John Jarrett, a well-known agent of the Association, endeavored to rally the Knights of Labor against Mr. Morrison, and seemed to be well supplied with and to use large amounts of money, which, it is reasonable to suppose, was not furnished by the Cobden Club. Evidence to the same effect came also from Connecticut. During the past year a good deal of effective work for tariff reform has been done in that State by a State association, with permanent headquarters at New Haven, and with J. B. Sargent, one of the largest manufacturers of Connecticut, as its president. This movement, at the outset, provoked no opposition from the Democrats; but on the contrary, as it was in line with the general tendencies of the party in other States, and with the policy of the Administration, it enlisted the active support of not a few of the representative Democrats of the State. A short time before the meeting of the Democratic State Convention, however, a secret order went forth that all tariff-reform efforts within the Democratic party in Connecticut were to be repressed; and as a consequence, all over the State, nearly every Democrat who presented himself for nomination as a delegate to the Convention, and who was supposed to be in any way hostile to protection, was defeated. When the Convention met, it rejected a resolution endorsing the fidelity of the two Democratic representatives in the present Congress to the cause of reform, and adopted resolutions respecting the reduction of Federal taxation that were utterly unnecessary and ambiguous. A fortnight later, a Democratic Congressional Convention in the Hartford district, which by an almost unanimous vote had adopted resolutions in favor of a tariff for revenue only, was again called together, when, by the influence of the editor of the Hartford *Times*, these resolutions were rescinded and protectionist resolutions were substituted.

Now, for such extraordinary action, which practically throws the Democratic party of Connecticut out of line with the Administration and with the general tendencies of the party in the country, there must be some extraordinary reason. And it will be found, we believe, in a well-concerted plan on the part of the Iron and Steel Association to send one of their own members to the United States Senate from Connecticut; one who can be relied upon to vote in favor of the continuance of a high tariff, and more especially to work and intrigue to defeat or postpone any reduction of the duties on pig-iron. The man best fitted to carry out this programme is Wm. H.

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Barnum, and the prize at stake is something far more important than the control and distribution of patronage, even as it existed before the days of civil-service reform. The product of pig-iron in this country for the present year will approximate five million tons; and under the existing tariff the producers of the greater part of this amount will obtain $6.72 per ton more than they would otherwise be able to get—an aggregate of at least $25,000,000 per annum. Here is an object worth working for, and herein, in our opinion, is to be found the motive that prompted the defeat of Mr. Morrison in Illinois and the election of Mr Barnum in Connecticut, and supplied the necessary funds in both States for the corruption of voters in sufficient number to accomplish these objects. If these inferences are not correct, will some one explain to us what could prompt the present Democratic leaders, in a State so close politically as Connecticut, deliberately to alienate from their support the great body of independent voters, who gave them the electoral vote of the State in 1884?

We are glad to see that at least one leading Democratic paper in Connecticut recognizes the absurdity of the present position of the Democratic party in that State in respect to the tariff. Thus the New Haven *Register* applauds the pluck and honesty of the Massachusetts Democrats—"their firmness of purpose and advanced leadership." They have not been afraid, it says, to put their candidates upon Democratic platforms. *They* have not tried to "evade any responsibility placed upon the shoulders of the party by its time-honored principles." "If the example," it continues, "set by the courageous minority in Massachusetts is followed everywhere, it will enjoy its power for many years. If it falters or follows the advice of *certain of its leaders in this State*, for instance, it will not only go out of power, *but it will deserve to.*"

A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* is much concerned about Dr. James Freeman Clarke, who in a recent address spoke of protection as being a system that fostered the interests of one class at the expense of another, and said: "It selects some industries to be taken care of at the expense of others." "It builds up monopolies." "It taxes every man on his clothing, his tools, his house, his food, in order to protect some of his neighbors," etc. And yet, the correspondent says, in one of Dr. Clarke's books he found this inscription: "Copyright 1883. James Freeman Clarke. All rights reserved." This, he thinks, is protection with a vengeance. Perhaps the correspondent cannot see any difference between *meum et tuum* and "protection," but the *Journal* might inform him that "copyright" is merely a public notice that certain property has an owner, like a man's visiting card in his hat.

The speaking both at the unveiling of the Bartholdi monument on Thursday and at the dinner in the evening was unusually good. Mr. Chauncey Depew appeared in what we may call a new rôle as the orator of the day, at the reception on Bedlow's Island, for in the oratorical field he is known to most people only as a humorous and witty after-dinner speaker. On Thursday, however he took hold of the relations of France and America in the past, and the prospects of liberty under the new conditions of modern civilization—a great theme—and handled it worthily. The address was a little florid, but perhaps not too much so for an occasion so spectacular, and one could not help doubting whether some of the Frenchmen present would, if they understood him, have been pleased with some of his characterizations of the first Republic. The part of Lafayette in the Revolution at home, too, was undoubtedly magnified and embellished. But it was not Mr. Depew's business to criticise. His task was to furnish the assembled guests with a fine example of elevated oratory of the demonstrative kind, and he did it in clear and vigorous English.

It is a relief to know that the Andover professors are not to be pursued for "heresy," but for a breach of trust or of contract in teaching differently from what they have agreed and are bound to teach. Andover Seminary was founded to provide systematic instruction for ministers of the orthodox Congregational order. To defend it against the two chief dangers or terrors of Unitarianism and Arminianism, its founders constructed a Calvinistic creed, expressive of doctrine which alone should be taught in that place. They required that every professor should subscribe to this Creed upon his inauguration, and every five years thereafter; that "every article of the above-said Creed shall for ever remain entire and identically the same, without the least alteration, addition, or diminution"; and that no man should continue to be professor unless he continued "to approve himself a man of sound and orthodox principles in divinity, agreeably to the aforesaid Creed." What "heresy" is, or whether anybody was guilty of it or not, might be hard to prove, but it cannot be hard to prove whether the Andover professors maintain the Creed "entire and identically the same, without the least alteration, addition, or diminution," or are given to a "Progressive Orthodoxy."

A more remarkable illustration of the extent to which the Custom-house was made, under the old régime, the refuge of the criminal as well as of the incapable, than the career of the man who has just tried to murder Mr. Beattie, could hardly be imagined. But it illustrates also the abuse of the assumption that every man who served in the war and is now an "old soldier," deserves well of his country and ought to be taken care of. Of this latter abuse there has been a great deal. The number of worthless persons for whom service in the field has operated as a plenary indulgence, is lamentably great. This man Bieral led for many years in New York the life of a ruffian of the worst sort. He was a gambler, pugilist, and brothel-keeper. He was strongly suspected of having murdered his mistress and of having belonged to a gang of thieves. But he enlisted when the war broke out, and displayed in the field the reckless bravery which had characterized him as a vicious scoundrel at home. So when he was discharged he was promptly quartered on the Custom-house, and became a political "worker" under the Tweed Ring, one of the class of men known as "Tammany Republicans." He was dismissed for some offence in 1879, but was soon reappointed. He was such an "old soldier" that there was no getting rid of him. It is not surprising that he came to the conclusion that he had a vested interest in his place, and tried to kill the man who had deprived him of it. And we may be sure he is by no means a solitary specimen of the kind of animal which was quartered on the taxpayers in the good old days, before candidates for office began to be questioned about "the height of the walls of Khartum or the depth of the Polar Sea."

The controversy between Mr. Lowell and Mr. Julian Hawthorne has ended, as we felt sure it would from the beginning, in "a conflict of veracity"—that is, the *World* announces tha Mr. Hawthorne has told the truth, which means, of course, that Mr. Lowell has not. In answer to this, Mr. Lowell writes to the Boston *Herald* repeating his statement that he not only did not know, but never even suspected, Julian Hawthorne's purpose in visiting him, "and that he should have thought he was insulting him by showing any such suspicion," but declining further controversy with Julian, who, it appears, concealed the fact that he had just tried the same game on Dr. Holmes and failed. "A conflict of veracity" between James Russell Lowell and Julian Hawthorne is funnier than these things usually are, but to Mr. Lowell it is of course very painful to have to expose some of the ways in which Nathaniel Hawthorne's son makes money, as well as to suffer at his hands.

Apropos of this, the Boston *Herald* says that the assertion that there is "a very large body" of newspaper men who would be guilty of Hawthorne's offence may be true of New York, but not of Boston, where "any newspaper man who did what Mr. Lowell says Mr. Hawthorne did to him would lose his place and stand a poor chance of getting another." The Springfield *Republican* goes further, and says the number of newspaper men anywhere who would commit Hawthorne's offence is not large, but small. There is no use in continuing or carrying on a controversy on a point which in the nature of things cannot be decided. But we will say this, that in long experience of the newspaper press we have known of scores, if not hundreds, of most shameful and cruel violations of confidence and intrusions on privacy committed by newspaper men, and have never heard of one which led to the dismissal of the offender, if it was one which promoted "sales," or, in other words, brought money into the counting-room. Small lies or outrages, which have no particular pecuniary value, are sometimes followed by punishment, but it is a well-known fact that managers are very apt to stand by, to the last extremity, a liar whose lies feed the popular appetite for amusement. This is not a pleasant thing to say about "our profession," but it is as true as gospel. As a matter of fact, some of the most highly paid newspaper men are notorious liars, perverters, and inventors.

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So far as may be inferred from the announcements made up to date, it appears that the list of musical entertainments provided for the present season will not be quite so large as last year. But this is hardly a matter for regret, for there can be no doubt that last year New York had a surfeit of music, especially of concert music. As regards high-class entertainments, two circumstances are especially noticeable—the concentration of all operatic and concert performances in the Metropolitan Opera-house, and the successiveness of the Italian, German, and American Opera seasons. The Academy of Music was by no means perfect as regards acoustic qualities, and the ventilation so bad as frequently to make it quite impossible to enjoy a concert or operatic performance. In the new house the ventilation is perfect and the seats the very ideal of comfort; while the acoustic qualities are better than at the Academy, under certain conditions. Those who believe in the superiority of modern music to that of former epochs have special reason to congratulate themselves on the fact that not only the Oratorio and Symphony Society concerts, but the Philharmonic and the Thomas Populars will in future be heard in the Metropolitan, besides the American and German Opera; for as the size and acoustic conditions of this house imperatively demand the warm-blooded modern scoring, the older compositions will always seem thin, cold, and anæmic in comparison. This circumstance will for ever prevent a successful revival of meagre Italian opera, so that the triumph of German opera may be considered assured as long as the Metropolitan holds its present position. It is a curious coincidence that with the demise of Italian opera, its old home, the Academy of Music, has also ceased to be the centre of our first-class musical entertainments, as well as of fashion.

The Italian performances will but slightly encroach upon the German opera season, which begins at the Metropolitan on November 8, to last fifteen weeks, and which will be followed by the American Opera Company, who will occupy the house from February 28 to April 4. It seems, therefore, that managers have at last recognized the folly of biting off one another's noses, by trying to give two or three operatic performances on the same evening week after week. Instead of having only about three months of opera, as heretofore, New York will this year have almost six months—a decided improvement on the old plan, and a change which brings us a step nearer to the time when New York will doubtless have opera all the year round, like Paris, Vienna, and Berlin—with the exception of a short intermission during the hottest months.

For the benefit of the Irish-American voters in New York the *Evening Post* calls attention to the indignant rejection of the Henry George land scheme by the Irish National League when Mr. George himself was in England, and when one solitary member of the League, Mr. Michael Davitt, announced himself a convert to Mr. George's doctrines. When Mr. Davitt made his first speech in favor of "nationalization of land" on the Henry George plan to an Irish audience somewhere in the north of England, he was hooted, and his doctrines were repudiated in the most vigorous and unmistakable manner. The National League, if we remember rightly, took action upon the subject strongly condemnatory of Mr. Davitt and of the land scheme advocated by Mr. George. The reason why they did so is not far to seek. Mr. George proposes that all land shall be seized by the State, and let to the occupiers on such terms that the Government shall get the rental value. In other words, he seeks to abolish one kind of landlordism and to set up another kind. In the language of political economy, he would substitute the ryot tenancy of India in place of the cottier tenancy of Ireland. He would make the Government the landlord in place of the present owner. This is the whole of his philosophy so far as it can be comprehended, and it is because the Irish people fully comprehend this that they will have nothing to do with Mr. George or his doctrines. They do not want landlordism in any shape. They do not want either landlords or tenants. They are striving after the American system, which has made the cultivator of the soil, as a general rule, the owner of it; which has filled this country with happy rural homes, the nurseries of liberty, that make the republic great and strong. They have the same feeling towards any scheme of "nationalization of land" that the farmers of America would have if the Henry George plan should ever secure a sufficient number of votes to make it worth their while to pay some attention to it. First confiscate the land, says Mr. George, and then tax it up to its full rental value, if you can find out what that is. As a matter of convenience, but not as a matter of right, you may leave the present occupier in possession, but you must treat him practically as though some other person owned the land and he were a tenant under the terms of rack-rent, for it would be a failure in part of Mr. George's scheme if the State should fail to collect the full rental value.

Between this kind of "nationalization" and the ideas and aims of the Irish Land League the divergence is as wide as the poles. Mr. George could not muster a corporal's guard of followers in Ireland, if indeed he could secure any hearing at all, for his visionary scheme. And the Irish are right in refusing to have anything to do with it. The craving of the Irish tenant is for a home and a few acres of mother earth that he can call his own. This was the claim and the demand of the French peasants in the great Revolution, and until it was satisfied there was no peace. Theories of universal happiness growing out of the *impôt unique*, or single tax on land, had been floating in France for half a century before the Revolution, but the people would have none of it. They wanted land for the landless as a sure foundation for a prosperous and free state, and they were right. This is what America has and what Ireland wants and will get some time—in what way, we do not know, but it will certainly not be Mr. George's way. The intervention of the State, when it comes, will be for the purpose of enabling the Irish farmer to buy and own his land and not to hold it as the tenant of the Government, subject to a perpetual tax equal to the rent he formerly paid to an English lord.

The *Tribune* has a report, by cable, of an interview with Dr. Otto Arendt, who is said to be the "leader of the silver party in the German Parliament." Some of Dr. Arendt's views are extremely funny. He says:

"I believe that bimetallism without England will injure and not help England. The United States, Germany, and France would beat England in commerce with silver countries should they rehabilitate the silver markets of the far East. South America and Central Africa belong to the nation that has the courage to solve the silver question; whoever commands these markets commands the commerce of the future."

We are sure that England will applaud the courage of those nations that prove their faith by their works by making a bold push for the trade of South America and Central Africa on a bimetallic basis. Any nation that chooses to buy more silver than she wants can have an enlarged trade with silver-producing countries. So any nation that buys more wool, or hides, or timber than she has use for can have an enlarged trade with the countries that produce those articles. But it does not follow that a nation can enlarge her trade with silver-standard countries by adopting a silver standard. It is only a few years since Germany and France were silver-using countries, but they gained no advantage over England in trade in consequence of that fact, nor have they lost any since they abandoned silver and became practically gold monometallic countries. The only nation that buys more silver than it wants is the United States. We certainly have made no gain in trade with South America or Central Africa by virtue of our purchases of silver. We are, in fact, an "object-lesson" to the world, showing the futility of the step which Dr. Arendt advises other countries to imitate. Like other bimetallists, however, Dr. Arendt advises the suspension of the Bland bill in order to "force Europe to adopt bimetallism."

Germany, as is well known, makes a specialty of the manufacture of toys, which are exported to all parts of the world, Paris included. The other day the organ of the Patriotic League, *Le Drapeau*, made the paralyzing discovery that in various Parisian shops there was offered for sale a new German toy, representing a school-house, on one side of which was hung a map of France, and on this map, *horribile dictu!* a portion of the terrestrial globe belonging to France was included within the Italian boundary line. To see "France mutilated in such an infamous manner" was more than the editor of *Le Drapeau* could stand; so he accused the Germans of having deliberately manufactured this map in order to corrupt and confuse the minds of French children, and, by accustoming them to the sight of a reduced France, to make them callous to the next theft of territory contemplated by the Germans. Other journals followed *Le Drapeau* in sounding the alarm; and, according to the *Boersen Courier*, a leading Berlin paper took this matter very seriously indeed, and wrote a ponderous editorial on the endangered peace.

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SUMMARY OF THE WEEK'S NEWS.

[WEDNESDAY, October 27, to TUESDAY, November 2, 1886, inclusive.]

DOMESTIC.

ELECTIONS were held throughout the country on Tuesday. The weather was generally fine and the vote large. An entire new House of Representatives was elected. At the hour of closing this summary, the returns are incomplete, but the indications are that the House will stand, in the Fiftieth Congress (about), Democrats 178, Republicans 145. Frank Hurd (free-trader) was defeated in Ohio, Theodore Bacon (Dem. and Ind.) in western New York, and A. A. Ranney (Dem.) in Massachusetts, where Henry Cabot Lodge has at last succeeded in being elected. The New York delegation will probably contain fifteen Democrats and nineteen Republicans. The Democrats have lost three Congressional districts and gained one

The Democrats elected Rufus W. Peckham, Judge of the Court of Appeals, over Judge Daniels (Rep.), by about 10,000 plurality. The chief interest in New York city centred in the contest for Mayor, which resulted as follows: Hewitt (United Dem.), 90,456; George (Labor), 67,930; Roosevelt (Rep.), 60,474. The union Democratic city and county ticket, Slevin for Register and Beekman for President of the Board of Aldermen, is elected, and Patterson and Dugro, the candidates of the United Democracy, are elected Judges. The city elects seven Democratic Congressmen out of eight, "Tim" Campbell being the one Republican member. The New York Assembly stands Republicans 73, Democrats 55, thus securing (with the old Republican Senate) the election of a Republican Senator to succeed Senator Miller. A large vote was cast in favor of calling a new Constitutional Convention.

The returns from other States are meagre. In Massachusetts Ames (Rep.) is elected Governor by about 9,100 plurality. Beaver (Rep.) carries Pennsylvania by about 50,000 (Blaine's plurality in 1884 was 80,000). Gov. Rusk (Rep.) is reëlected in Wisconsin by 20,000 plurality, the Socialist and labor element having done its best to defeat him on account of his action during the Milwaukee riot. The Democrats have a plurality in Connecticut, but a majority vote is required to elect, and the election is therefore thrown into the Legislature, which is Republican. New Jersey rolls up her old-fashioned Democratic majority for Governor, electing Green by something like 5,000. Robt. Taylor (Dem.) defeats his brother for Governor of Tennessee by about 25,000. Ohio is carried by the Republicans, and Indiana is claimed by both parties. All the Southern States are heavily Democratic, but there have been heavy Republican gains in Virginia. The indications are that McGill (Rep.) may be elected Governor of Minnesota by a reduced majority. The Labor vote in Chicago was about 20,000, and the party hold the balance of power in the Legislature. In Wisconsin the Labor party elected a number of members of the Legislature, and may hold the balance of power.

President Cleveland has issued a proclamation designating November 25 as Thanksgiving Day.

President Cleveland on Wednesday issued a proclamation revoking his recent order in regard to discriminating duties on Spanish imports. The effect of this action is to revive the proclamation of President Arthur relieving Spanish vessels in our waters of differential duties. The apprehension which the representatives of the American lines that were so active in inducing the President to issue his proclamation now have is, that the Cuban officials may disregard the spirit of the old commercial arrangement, which has been restored, and, by irregularities or petty frauds or practices which may not be easily detected, effectually oppress American merchants and defy the agreement to which the Spanish Government has so solemnly pledged itself.

The information has been given at the White House that there will be nothing done in regard to appointments until after the election. The President has not wished to make appointments or removals which would seem to be intended to influence the result in any of the districts, and for this reason some important changes which were said to have been in contemplation will not for the present be made.

Gov. Ross has been advised by the President not to participate actively in the campaign in New Mexico. Being, as he said, anxious to speak in order to break up various rings which exist in the Territory, he wrote to a friend in Washington asking whether or not the President would consider it expedient for him to speak, saying: "I must take an active part in this canvass, not as a partisan, but as one charged with the responsibility of government, for the purpose of securing reform, or be beaten; and to be beaten now would be simply to lose the ground I have gained, and continue to be hampered and seriously embarrassed in the prosecution of the work which I have been set to perform for the next two years. I wish the President to be informed of the dilemma I am in. I can do more than any other man in the Territory towards securing a popular verdict in behalf of decent, honest government, by actively taking the stump. If I do not, the consequences may be disastrous in the extreme. Of course I should be discreet, and conduct my part of the canvass in a dignified, decorous manner, appealing to the reason and loyalty of the people, and not to partisan considerations merely, always and on all occasions remembering the dignity of my office." In reply, Gov. Ross's friend reported the President as saying: "Gov. Ross will best subserve the public weal and the more satisfactorily support the President and his Administration by enforcing a strict observance and faithful execution of the laws, and by securing purity and honest methods in the executive departments of his Territory. To reach this result, however, he is not required himself to take part in the elections."

Secretary Manning on Friday entered upon the full discharge of the duties of his office. On that day he issued a call for $10,000,000 of bonds.

The public-debt reduction during October was $13,201,619.50.

Attorney-General Garland has given an opinion to the Secretary of the Treasury that national banks must deposit interest-bearing bonds to secure their circulation, and that called 3 per cent. bonds cannot be used as a basis of circulation.

Bartholdi's statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World" was formally unveiled on Bedloe's Island on Thursday. There was a great parade of 20,000 soldiers, firemen, etc., which was reviewed by the President, Count de Lesseps, M. Bartholdi, and other distinguished people, who occupied a reviewing stand in Madison Square. There was also a naval parade, which was obscured by mist. At the unveiling ceremonies on Bedlow's Island speeches were made by the President, Mr. Evarts, Chauncey M. Depew, and Count de Lesseps. A dinner was given in the evening by the Chamber of Commerce at Delmonico's to the French guests. Speeches were also made in response to toasts by Consul-General Lefaivre, Frederic R. Coudert, Admiral Jaurès, George William Curtis, Gen. Pellissier, M. Bartholdi, M. Spuller, and David M. Stone.

The decision of the New York Court of Appeals on Friday in the Arensberg oleomargarine case does not examine the constitutionality of the law. A new trial is ordered solely on the ground of an error in the charge to the jury by the trial judge.

Six thousand beef-packers struck at the Chicago stock-yards on Monday, refusing to work ten hours without two hours' extra pay.

The Board of Trustees of Cornell University on Wednesday unanimously rescinded the action taken last June which favored the granting of honorary degrees, and against which the alumni had vigorously protested.

The Yale corporation on Wednesday directed the editor of the annual catalogue to use the name of Yale University hereafter in that and other official publications.

Hans S. Beattie, the Surveyor of the Port of New York, was shot in his office at the Custom-house soon after noon on Monday by Louis Bieral, an ex-inspector. Two or three shots were fired. Bieral was discharged by Mr. Beattie about two months ago, and the shooting was done for revenge. Mr. Beattie's wounds are not thought to be fatal. Bieral bears a bad reputation.

The will of Mrs. Cornelia M. Stewart, widow of A. T. Stewart, was filed for probate in this city on Monday by ex-Judge Horace Russell. The estate is given to relatives. Charles J. Clinch, Mrs. Stewart's nephew, who has been living in Paris, and Mrs. Sarah N. Smith, Mrs Stewart's niece, the wife of ex-Judge J. Lawrence Smith, of Smithtown, L. I., receive one-half the estate after a distribution of $1,500,000 among relatives; the other half goes to ex Judge Hilton in trust, he at his discretion to erect and endow a seminary for women at Garden City, and to make such conveyances of the rest as he may deem fit. No mention is made of the house at Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue. Ex-Judge Hilton is made the trustee of the estate. The legacies, both actual and estimated, are as follows: Sarah N. Smith, actual, $250,000; Cornelia S. Butler, actual, $200,000; Lawrence Butler, actual, $100,000; Charles S. Butler, actual, $50,000; Kate A. Smith, actual, $200,000; Louise Smith, actual, $100,000; Ellen Smith, actual, $100,000; Bessie Smith, actual, $100,000; James Smith, actual, $100,000; Rosalie Butler, actual, $50,000; Helen Butler, actual, $50,000; Virginia Butler, actual, $50,000; Maxwell Butler, actual, $50,000; Prescott Butler, actual, $50,000: household servants, actual, $25,000; Henry Hilton (in trust), estimated, $9,262,500; Charles J. Clinch, estimated, $4,631,250; Sarah N. Smith, estimated, $4,631,250; total, $20,000,000.

Frank H. Walworth, a young lawyer aged thirty-one, died in Saratoga on Friday. He was a grandson of the late Chancellor Reuben H. Walworth, and in 1873 deliberately murdered his father in this city for ill-treating his mother. He was convicted of murder in the second degree and sentenced to Sing Sing for life, but was pardoned in 1877, and four years later was admitted to the New York bar. Two years ago he married Miss Corinne Bramlette, daughter of the late Gov. Bramlette of Kentucky.

FOREIGN.

At a private meeting at Tirnova on Thursday of deputies belonging to the Bulgarian Government party, it was decided to adhere to the Government policy towards Russia. Gen. Kaulbars telegraphed to the Regency advising the raising of the state of siege at Sofia and Varna. The Russian Consul at Varna threatened to order the Russian war-ships to bombard the town unless the Prefect permitted free access of Russo-Bulgarian partisans to the Russian Consulate, or if he tried to prevent the landing of sailors from the war-ships. Gen. Kaulbars on Friday addressed a fresh note to the Bulgarian Foreign Minister, in which he said: "In view of the arrival at Varna of Government emissaries, who are spreading reports that the presence of Russian gunboats there is without importance, I am compelled to inform you that those gunboats will vigorously affirm their importance if events render it necessary."

A state of siege has been proclaimed at Sofia, Bulgaria. A protocol has been signed reviving diplomatic relations between Servia and Bulgaria. Russian cruisers have been de-

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spatched to Varna, and it is said that city will be temporarily occupied.

Gen. Kaulbars issued on Sunday an ultimatum to the Bulgarian Government. He complained that Russians in Bulgaria were maltreated and terrorized, and said that if in three days he did not receive a satisfactory answer to his ultimatum, he would rupture his relations with the Regency and leave Sofia, taking with him the whole personnel of the Russian Consulate. The Bulgarian Government immediately ordered the various prefects stringently to protect Russians, and also requested Gen. Kaulbars to furnish the names of Russians who had been maltreated. The Russian agent replied that the Government knew to whom he referred, and that if fresh complaints were received he would act in accordance with his ultimatum. In compliance with the demands of Gen. Kaulbars, all the plotters against Prince Alexander have been released. There is a general feeling of indignation in Bulgaria over the release.

On Monday Gen. Kaulbars refused to accept the reply of the Regency to his ultimatum, and will leave Sofia. He threatened to bombard the barracks and Government buildings at Varna if any opposition was offered to the debarkation of Russians at that place.

M. Stambuloff opened the Sobranye at Tirnova on Sunday. Patriotic speeches were made, the orators dwelling on the importance of maintaining the independence of Bulgaria. Nearly all of the 550 deputies were present in the Sobranye, including thirty adherents of Zankoff and Turkish deputies in national costume. The Sobranye opened with a despondent feeling. In view of Europe's apathy to Bulgarian interests, it is believed to be useless to struggle against Russia's ascendancy, and Bulgaria is willing to accept almost any terms of compromise. On Monday M. Zikoff was elected President of the Sobranye.

The Russian Government has reassured Austria that Russia will not occupy Bulgaria. The Russian consular officials at Varna on Tuesday, with the help of sailors from the Russian men-of-war, tore down a number of placards which had been posted in the city by order of the Bulgarian Government. The Russian Consul threatened to land troops if the authorities attempted to prevent the removal of the placards. Twelve Russian men-of-war have left Sebastopol for Varna.

Advices from Braila, Rumania, say that feverish preparations for war are being made in southern Russia.

The British Cabinet at Monday's council decided to instruct Sir William White, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, to insist upon an immediate conference at Constantinople to consider the Bulgarian question and to demand the suspension of Russian intervention, diplomatic and active, pending the decisions of such conference. The Porte is renewing its *entente cordiale* with England, and is in favor of the proposed conference. Italy concurs, while Russia and France oppose the project. Germany and Austria remain neutral.

It is officially announced in Cairo that the English Government is determined to maintain public safety in Egypt, and not to leave the country to disorder and possibly to a fresh and disastrous revolution.

The London *Standard* announces that M. Waddington, French Ambassador at London, has made no demand respecting England's withdrawal from Egypt, and that he brought no instructions of such a character.

Rumors are circulating in and about the London clubs that Lord Salisbury finds much difficulty in restraining the patrician members of the Government from resigning their offices as a protest against the Radicalism of Lord Randolph Churchill, and that this difficulty is daily increasing. The Duke of Richmond, Lord John Manners, and Mr. Frederick A. Stanley are especially restive under the leadership of Churchill.

Mr. W. H. Smith, British Minister of War, and Lord Randolph Churchill's old enemy, in speaking on Friday night gave remarkable support to Churchill's recent programme. It would not surprise his audience, he said, to hear that her Majesty's Government was perfectly agreed; when Salisbury spoke he spoke for his Cabinet; when Churchill spoke he did so with the full knowledge, assent, and consent of all his colleagues in the Cabinet; when they ceased to be united they would cease to remain in the Government.

In the election for Lord Rector of Edinburgh University on Saturday, the Earl of Iddesleigh was chosen. He received 1,094 votes, and the Right Hon. Sir Lyon Playfair 747.

Returns from the municipal elections throughout England and Wales on Monday show Conservative gains of 89 and Liberal gains of 76.

Lord Hartington has postponed his visit to India.

The business of the British Liberal Conference as arranged will be opened by Mr. Kitson, Chairman, who will introduce a motion expressing unabated confidence in Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Morley will move that the Conference reaffirm its belief in the home-rule project, and renew its declarations upon the questions of land, local government, and free education. The absence of a developed policy discontents the Radicals.

Col. Sir James Fraser, Chief Commissioner of the London city police, has issued orders forbidding the procession of the unemployed workingmen of London, which it was proposed by the Socialist leaders should march through the streets at the same time as the Lord Mayor's pageant.

Application has been made in London to commit Hyndman, the Socialist leader, to prison for non-payment of debts. It has been disclosed that his fortune is gone, that his furniture is mortgaged, that he is unable to pay his rent, and that his wife keeps lodgers. Hyndman went around the country on a lecturing tour without pay, and, as he earned nothing, his relatives had to support him

On Sunday a census of the attendance of the churches of London was taken. It showed that 460,000 persons attended the services in the morning, and 410,000 at night. The largest established church, St Paul's, had an evening attendance of 3,403. Mr. Spurgeon's church was at the head of the dissenting churches, having a morning attendance of 4,519, and an evening attendance of 6,070.

The Rev. Hugh Reginald Haweis, Vicar of St. James's Episcopal Chapel, Marylebone, was announced to preach a sermon on Thursday in the City Temple, Congregational, London, of which the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker is pastor. When the time for beginning the service arrived Mr. Haweis did not appear, and Dr. Parker announced to those who had assembled that Mr. Haweis's Bishop had forbidden him to preach in the City Temple.

The Earl of Strafford is dead. He was eighty years of age, and the second Earl. His heir is Viscount Enfield, who was Under-Secretary for India from 1880 to 1882, and is now fifty-six years of age.

Baron Monkswell, who as Sir Robert Collier was well known to the legal profession of the United States, is dead at the age of sixty-nine. In November, 1871, Mr. Gladstone made Sir Robert Collier a justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and after he had been on the bench for two days only transferred him to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Mr. Gladstone's action called forth vigorous protests from Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn and Chief-Justice Bovill. The matter came before Parliament, but Mr. Gladstone's action was sustained by a small majority in both houses. Sir Robert was the author of treatises on 'The Law of Railways' and 'The Law of Mines' At the time of the fitting out of the *Alabama* he was Solicitor-General, and he advised his Government not to allow Confederate vessels to be equipped in British ports. In 1885 he was elevated to the Peerage as Baron Monkswell.

The diary of Bishop Hannington, who was put to death by order of King Mwanga of Uganda, Africa, has been published in London, giving the details of the last week of his life. He describes the arrival of his party at Lubwas, where the chief, at the head of a thousand troops, demanded ten guns and three barrels of powder. The chief asked Bishop Hannington to remain with him for a day, and the latter complied. While taking a walk the Bishop was attacked by about twenty natives. He struggled with his assailants, but became weak and faint, and was dragged violently a long distance by the legs. When his persecutors halted they stripped and robbed him and imprisoned him in a noisome hut full of vermin and decaying bananas. He was allowed to send messages to friends, but he believed they were intercepted. On the seventh day he writes that the fever continued, that at night the place swarmed with vermin, that the guards were drunk and noisy, and that he was unable to sleep, At last he became delirious. On the eighth day he was conscious. His entries on this day are brief: "No news. A hyena howled all night, smelling a sick man. Hope he will not have me yet." This is the final entry. It is believed that soon after writing this he was taken out and put to death. Throughout the week there are frequent entries referring to the comfort he derived from reading the Psalms.

The resumption of diplomatic relations between France and Russia is hailed by the French press with a unanimous outburst of satisfaction.

The Customs Committee of the French Chamber of Deputies has decided in favor of the bill raising the duty on foreign wheat from three to five francs.

The Swiss Federal Government proposes to purchase all railroads in that country.

The Hungarian budget shows a deficit of 22,000,000 florins, which has created a bad impression in Vienna. The deficit is attributed first to the fact that in the last budget the Finance Minister estimated the revenue too high and the expenses too low, and second to the depression in agriculture due to the competition of American wheat and flour.

A sensation has been caused throughout Spain by changes that have been made in the army, including the dismissal of 1,400 first-class sergeants and the promotion of 1,300 sub-lieutenants to lieutenancies. The removal of the sergeants was decided upon to prevent the recurrence of army conspiracies.

There is a rising in Afghanistan of the Ghilzai tribe and a part of the Hazaros against the Amir, on account of popular discontent over the excessive rate of taxation.

Intelligence has been received at Auckland, New Zealand, that on September 31 seven native villages were destroyed by a volcanic eruption on the Island of Niafu, in the Tonga group of the Friendly Islands. The whole island has been devastated by volcanic deposits.

A new Hawaiian Cabinet has been formed with Walter M. Gibson as Premier. The resignation of the old Cabinet was due to a defeat on October 16 of the Ministry's amendment to the bill securing the $2,000,000 loan recently authorized by the Hawaiian Legislature. The effect of the amendment was to secure the payment of $700,000 previously lent to the Government by Claus Spreckels.

It is reported in official circles at Ottawa that Canada, through the agency of the British Minister in Washington, will request the American Government to reconsider the draft of the proposed extradition treaty between the two countries. The Canadian Government will probably submit a few amendments, which, it is believed, will prove acceptable to the American Senate

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THE MUNICIPALITY AND THE INDEPENDENTS.

THE late canvass for the mayoralty in New York city was really what might be called an "object-lesson" in city government. There are two things of which Independents in politics have been long persuaded, and which we have for years been preaching, in season and out of season. One is, that it is useless to try, in cities like ours, either to prevent the creation and maintenance of party "machines," or to keep them in the hands of honest and disinterested men. The best citizens in America are, and always must be, industrious men, that is, men closely occupied with some useful calling of a private nature. They cannot, if they would, make politics a profession. They can only attend to it by fits and starts. The business of party management, therefore, almost inevitably falls into the hands of men who mean to make a living out of it in whole or in part. In the great cities these men will never be very choice specimens of humanity. They will rarely be either respectable or respected. Their devices and desires will be in nine cases out of ten selfish and opposed to the public welfare.

The second is, that improvement in municipal government is almost impossible as long as municipal elections are treated by the voters as political elections—that is, as long as they are governed in the selection of candidates for municipal offices by State or Federal considerations. If, for instance, in casting my vote for Mayor, I am thinking not of its effect on the municipal taxation, schools, police, paving, lighting, street cleaning, sewage, and docks, but of its effect on the next contest for the Governorship of the State, or the next contest for the Presidency, or on the wages of the Southern blacks, or on the tariff, or the silver question, I am, whatever I may be as a citizen of the United States, *pro tanto* a bad citizen of the city of New York. I show thereby an indifference to the health and comfort and security of the human beings who are massed on this island, which nothing but gross ignorance can excuse.

Now, if these things are true—and we have never heard them gainsaid by anybody but a professional politician—there flow from them inevitably two rules of political conduct in municipal affairs. One is, that you should not waste your time in trying to improve the moral composition of the party machines, because the task is impossible. Your preaching amuses the Machinists, and, though it were continued for fifty years, would not change the Machine for the better. Nor can you successfully set up a Machine of your own, for you have your family to support out of a business which calls for all your powers of mind and body. What you have to do is to wait for the regular nominations; if they are good, support them; if they are bad, try to defeat them at the polls, either by supporting the better nominations of the other party, or, in extreme cases, making impromptu nominations of your own. It is on this rule that the Independent movement, both in municipal and national politics, has been based, and it is by close adherence to it that all the Independent successes have been achieved.

The second rule is, that you must by every means in your power discourage the making of city nominations for merely party purposes, that is, for reasons in no way connected with the health or comfort of the inhabitants of the city. It is to the wide acceptance of this rule, to which Mr. Roosevelt so heartily adhered in his letter to Mr. Scott in 1884, that we owe the very great blessing of Mr. Grace's second term. This rule requires you, no matter to what party you belong, to accept good nominations, no matter from which side they come, and accept in preference to any other the good nomination which is most likely to win at the polls. For example, we do not think that there is a pin's worth of difference in the methods or aims of the two party Machines in this city. We do not know of any intelligent man who will privately and in strict confidence maintain that there is. The Democratic Mikes, Jakes, and Barneys are capable of anything of which the Republican Mikes, Jakes, and Barneys are capable, and vice versa There is a difference in their business, it is true, because the Democrats are in a majority, and work in the hope of succeeding, while the Republicans work generally simply to see what they can get for not making the Democratic success difficult or impossible. But, judged by any moral standard, there is nothing worth mention to choose between them, the ultimate or more remote aims of both being the same Consequently, in municipal matters, the duty of a true Independent is to watch for their nominations with a perfectly impartial eye, and when two are presented to him, of equal or nearly equal goodness, to vote for the one which is most likely to succeed at the polls, and resolutely to repudiate and punish all attempts to secure votes on party grounds.

There are many people who think they can "take city affairs out of politics" by inveighing against the introduction of party politics into city administration, before the election, but who nevertheless, when the election comes round, always want us to support the President, or reprobate "the shotgun policy" at the South, by our vote for the Mayor. They are very like the people who strongly favor a reform of the civil service, but still think that none but Republicans, or none but Democrats, as the case may be, should have the offices. What we need of all things now, in this, as in every other city, is a practical example of the working of the Independent doctrine in the refusal of one party or the other to make municipal elections trials of party strength, and the acceptance by one party or the other of its opponent's candidate on the sole ground of his fitness for the duties of the office to be filled. This most desirable consummation Mr. Hewitt's nomination seemed to promise us at last. If the Republicans had confirmed the nomination, we should have made an immense stride towards radical improvement in city government. But the prospect has been greatly damaged by Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy, despite his failure.

THE MAGYAR AND HIS ENEMIES.

SHOULD the present complications in Eastern Europe, as is not unlikely, lead to an open conflict between Russia and Austria-Hungary, the violent animosity which agitates Magyar against Muscovite, and Muscovite against Magyar, will have potently helped to precipitate it. Cisleithanian Austria might behold the encroachments of the Czar in Bulgaria, the brutal proceedings of his *agents provocateurs* in Sophia and Rustchuk, and even the bombardment or occupation of Varna, without unsheathing the sword. She would, however much tempted, anxiously consider the expense and risks of war before throwing down the gauntlet to a neighbor as powerful as he is overbearing. Besides, large constituent parts of Cisleithania are, from race affinity and separatistic ambition, in more or less pronounced sympathy with the power which in its advance flaunts the Slavic banner. The Czechs of Bohemia and Moravia, the Slovenes of Carniola and Carinthia, the Dalmatians, would have to be drawn into the conflict, so far as the approbation of the Reichsrath is required, by a majority vote of Germans and Poles. Not so with Transleithania, which the Magyar rules by his energy and political ability, vastly preponderating over those of his Slovak or Croat, Serb or Ruthene, German or Ruman fellow-citizens, who collectively outnumber him. And the Magyar, ever since the agreement of 1867, which transformed the tottering Austria of the days of Solferino and Sadówa into the rejuvenated dual empire that exists to-day, has become the decisive central element in the domain of the House of Hapsburg. Buda-Pesth is the real political centre of Austria-Hungary. The Hungarian Parliament, not the Vienna Reichsrath, determines the resolutions of Kálnoky, as far as Parliamentary influence goes in shaping them. Tisza, the Hungarian Premier, speaks the intentions of the common Government. Taaffe, the Cisleithanian, only echoes them.

What renders the Magyar so violent an enemy of Russia is not merely the remembrance of Világos, though that remembrance is to Hungarian patriots more justly galling than the recollection of the surrender of Sedan is to Frenchmen. The Magyars had, in a just war for self-defence and freedom, achieved brilliant victories over the forces of Austria and their own domestic foes, had stormed Buda, and proclaimed and conquered their independence, when Russia, to whom they had never offered injury or insult, interfered with overwhelming armies, crushed their exhausted forces, drove Kossuth into exile, and surrendered their gallant commanders, who laid down their arms when the struggle became useless, to the gibbets of Austria. It is not this recollection alone which made the Hungarians shout with joy when the news of the Russian disasters before Plevna reached Buda-Pesth. The Magyars are not vindictive haters. If they were, they would not now be the enthusiastic supporters of the throne of Francis Joseph, under whose orders the thirteen commanders who surrendered at Világos were hanged at Arad, and Count Batthyányi, their Egmont, was shot in Pesth, on October 6, 1849. They still observe the 6th of October as a day of national mourning, but the monarch who restored their Constitution in 1867 is forgiven for what he decreed in his youthful rage in 1849. In the

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same way the Hungarians of the last century fought chivalrously for their "King," Maria Theresa, under whose father the last defenders of Hungarian independence before Kossuth were, like the latter, forced into exile. What the Magyar cannot forgive Russia for is the annihilation of Poland, and the constant threat of the annihilation of his own nationality held out by the Panslavists who now rule her. Throughout the history of both nations, Poles and Hungarians, though of different race, have been "dear brothers," as a popular song has it; in a thousand years of close contact not a single war has taken place between them.

Magyar and Muscovite fully understand each other, and hence the intense mutual hatred. The final victory of Panslavism, which has become the creed of the latter, signifies to the Magyar the subversion of his own Government and liberty; subjection in his own land to the combined sway of Slavic tribes whom he has so long dominated and despises as inferiors; the exclusion of his language from courts, schools, and theatres, as the Polish is excluded in the native land of Kosciuszko; the rule of the Cossack, the order which reigns in Warsaw. To the Muscovite the continued existence of Hungary (united with Austria) means a permanent wedge of alien power driven into the Slavic world; the separation of the western Slavs from the eastern; the subjection of Galician Pole, Slovak, Czech, Croat, and Bosniak to a dynasty antagonistic to the Romanoffs; the isolation of Montenegro; the impotence of Servia; the separate existence of Bulgaria; a check to Russian advance across the Balkans; a menace to the Russian sway in Poland

What Russia seeks in Bulgaria is less a station on the road to Constantinople—a centre watched by the jealousy of all the other great Powers—than a lever for dislodging the Austro-Hungarian strength south of the Danube and Save, before raising Slavic insurrections (such as have dismembered Turkey), north of those rivers in the south of Hungary. The Magyar, who is just preparing to celebrate the thousandth anniversary of the existence of his nation—on the soil of Hungary—knows that the celebration must speedily be followed, if not even preceded, by a deadly grapple of the nation with a foe who intends its total destruction, and is vastly more dangerous than any other has ever been. The Turk and the Austrian, against whom he contended in a thousand fights, were his political foes, foes to his freedom and independence, but not to his race. The Sultans who held Buda for 160 years protected the Magyar princes of Transylvania; the Hapsburgs received the crown from the Hungarian Diet, and have generally been loyally supported by the bulk of the nation. The contests were often chivalrous, and Turk and Magyar liked, and German and Magyar esteemed, each other, and do so to-day. Hungary never feared being crushed by the Turks or Germans, by whom she was invaded but not surrounded. She justly dreads the Slavic anaconda with which Panslavism menaces her. Hence her fretfulness in anticipation of the struggle, her chafing under the Fabian tactics of Kálnoky. But a rash "On to Varna!" might prove as disastrous to-day as it did in 1444, when her King and army fell before that town under the cimitars of the Osmanlis.

THE DECAY OF THE NEW ENGLAND CHURCHES.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., October 28.

TWENTY years or more of uneventful living have wrought some very eventful changes in the social and religious life of the back towns of New England. Depopulated in part by the railroads and the West, and repopulated in part under the changed conditions, some of them have wandered wide of their Puritan traditions, broken up the old neighborhood associations, and locked up many of their churches. Here can be found dozens of places where the Christian faith, that took early and deep root and grew to fill every nook and corner of the community, is rapidly disappearing, and has little or no part in the present life. Other communities there are that never wandered, but have simply stood still and decayed. They lost their best blood to the cities and the West, and they live but in the most woful depletion. Such melancholy instances can be found in the towns that divide Tolland and Windham Counties, Ct., where the average house represents a century of farm life, with heaps of old decaying chaises and implements of another age piled about it; and where the antique inhabitant, clad in his homespun garb, still toasts his toes before crude fireplaces and his bread in brick ovens. Still another phase of the revolution that is working in these New England country towns is the invasion of the Roman Catholics. These followers of a faith so strange and repugnant to New England history are fairly honeycombing her forgotten places. They are building their churches not alone among the hills, but in the choicer valleys. Take Suffield, Ct., the fairest, richest, and one of the oldest of the Connecticut Valley farming towns. Thirty years ago it was a representative Puritan place, proud of its history, its rural aristocracy, and its wealth. One-third of her best lands have recently been possessed by foreigners, a Roman Catholic church has just been built, and over fifty families now worship in it. In what is called the North School District, where less than thirty years ago a dozen exclusive American families clustered about the little wooden schoolhouse, only a single representative of them now remains—a tottering old man whose fourscore years promise a speedy extinction of the Yankee; their places have been taken by Irishmen. Go from this rich and ancient valley town to rocky Mount Holly, on the tip-top of the Green Mountains of Vermont, and one can complete the picture, for there too has the faith of the Puritan been supplanted by that of the Roman Catholic.

But it is the towns where Christianity is dying out from no apparent cause, and where the churches have been shut up not because there was no one to attend; but because no one would attend—these are the towns that present grave problems to those charged with the spread of the Gospel, problems that are strangely overlooked. There are no statistics to support any general statements, nor are they especially needed. They might register the number of empty and decaying meeting-houses, but no amount of them could register the degree of religious coldness that has been reached. But let no one underestimate the facts or the gravity of the problem, for all these deserted houses of worship mean a social chaos in their little communities. Not one of the six New England States but is spotted with these dark, discouraging places. Let any one inclined to doubt this, look over that section of Connecticut above referred to, bounded on the east and west by the Norwich and Worcester and New London Northern Railroads, and settled two centuries ago by colonists from Roxbury, Mass. Here he can gather a faint idea of the downward march of the religion of those colonists. Within a mile of Stafford Springs he will find their faith largely supplanted by a flourishing society of Spiritualists, liberally endowed and owning a house of worship. All over that country he will find church buildings crumbling and old church societies dead; family after family and hamlet after hamlet that have not seen a church service in years; communities that might as well have been in the middle of the dark Continent, so far as Christianizing influences are concerned. Then let the doubter of all this pass into western Massachusetts, where, all over the hills and all through the valleys, the same causes appear to be at work, and the same effects appear on the surface. Montgomery's two churches, Baptist and Congregationalist, were locked up long ago, and the only religious society in town now is a little band of Adventists, scoffed at by all the neighborhood. Becket's conspicuous meeting-house, that can be seen for miles around, has perhaps a dozen worshippers each Sunday and a Chester dentist for a preacher. The church is endowed, and this is the only way to get at the income. Monroe never had a church until a few months ago, when some Boston missionaries invaded the place as they would a heathen country, made a few converts, and have just built a mission chapel. Plainfield has recently locked up the old house of worship because, I am informed, the people would subscribe but little over $100 to have the preaching continued; and this not because they lacked in numbers, but in spirit. A dozen old Puritan towns about this place are coming or have already come to the same end.

Then let any one go into Vermont. There is Vernon, under the walls of Moody's Northfield schools and in the rich Connecticut Valley, whose people are split up into impotent religious factions that belie their pretended piety by incessant quarrels, and kill out all public worship, save occasional services held by one faction or another under some itinerant preacher. Southern Vermont is full of such cases, where two or more denominations forgot their one mission, fell to fighting over one another's differences, and swallowed each other up. Let him look further north to Andover, Vt., which is about to shut up its only church, that has seen a century of active service; to Sherburne, where meetings were discontinued in the town's churches long ago; to Plymouth, where the two old meeting-houses have long been unused, and most of the people do not attend a church service from one year's end to another; and to scores of similarly conditioned towns all through the State. Then go among the New Hampshire hills and find the same causes and same effects; and even the rich valleys of the State are in like manner affected. A correspondent recently noted several farming towns in the immediate vicinity of Nashua whose old church societies had become extinct and their church buildings locked up, and had not been supplanted by others.

It was while wandering this fall among the hills of Vermont, not far from the village of Ludlow, that I chanced upon a most striking illustration of the tendencies of the times in these more quiet sections of New England. Faint traces of the old military road built just after the French and Indian war from Fort Ticonderoga to what is now Charlestown, N. H., lead one along by the shores of two pretty lakes in the town of Plymouth, up over a hill, and by the doors of one of those grand old meeting-houses built over eighty years ago. Around this house of God lies a rural hamlet whose families still largely represent the early settlers, and whose

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name has long been known as "The Kingdom." It is within the memory of the younger men of the place when that church was filled each Sunday by people who came from miles around, and when a minister each Sunday discoursed sound orthodoxy from a pulpit perched high up against the wall on a level with the galleries. But in an evil hour doctrinal differences arose among the sturdy farmer members, coldness and apathy crept in, and the doors of the old meeting-house that had so mightily helped to train up four generations were closed. The next generation was allowed to go to the devil if it would; it does not see a religious service from one year's end to the other. The old church is now only a hollow, ghostly hulk, stripped of its pulpit, pews, and galleries by thieving neighbors for use as kindling-wood, and draped with cobwebs and dust. The wind moans through the shattered windows a perpetual note of ruin and decay.

Now what are the causes of these facts about the churches in the New England back towns and their decay and disappearance? Dr. W. C. Prime, in a recent article in the *New Princeton Review*, notes this religious stagnancy. He tells how, in his travels through these parts, he had happened upon many unused meeting-houses, and many more Sunday congregations spiritually dead and numerically dying. But he gives us no idea of the real trouble. He found one meeting-house mouldering because a row had broken up the society; he found one congregation filled with apathy and littleness chiefly because the preacher was possessed of the same qualities.

He draws no conclusions from the first case because he does not know what caused the row; he draws the broad conclusion from the second that the ministers are largely responsible for this declining piety. And perhaps they are, in great part. The avidity with which they have seized upon "special calls of God to go to larger fields of usefulness," where society and salary hold out also many allurements, has robbed those that are left behind of half their power with the country folk, and has lent a ridiculous aspect to their service in the cause of Christ. But all this does not begin to touch the root of the trouble. Blame rather the various denominations, professing the same Lord, charged with the same mission, and supposed to be imbued with the same spirit, who narrowly allow their own petty dogmatical differences to overshadow all, and by this persistent pulling in different directions deprive one another of great power for good and often swallow each other up. How many country towns there are hereabouts, only big enough to support one large aggressive church, where the Baptists and Congregationalists, by refusing to unite their forces for the one great object of redeeming the neighborhood, fall to the earth together or barely maintain an existence in littleness, weakness, and resulting coldness that redeem nothing. Cummington, Mass., the native place of William Cullen Bryant, possibly affords an example of this. Here live yet in quiet seclusion, undisturbed by the Roman Catholics, the descendants of the Puritans—comprising a thrifty and unusually busy community for one so far removed from railroads. The place is just big enough for one large aggressive church. It has two—Baptist and Congregationalist. But the dozen or more Baptists will no more affiliate with the other denomination than with Roman Catholics. They cannot afford preaching all the time, and so they go without it the most of the time. As far as the good of the community is concerned, they might much better burn the church and disband. But the Congregationalists also persist in keeping by themselves, and they too are weak and growing weaker. And by strangely persisting in this division of strength they are fast losing, if they have not already lost, all power as a Christianizing force in the community. The case of this Cummington Baptist Church came before the annual meeting of the Baptist Association for this region, held last month in this city. It was represented that the society was weak in numbers, in finances, and in spirit, and it needed prayer and sympathy and money, not apparently that the cause of Christ might the better be advanced—no mention was made of that—but "to place the society on an equal footing with the other denominations." Such was the grand object of this skeleton of a church, whose members had rather rattle the few dry bones that are left than to seek new life and power for good in a union with those who baptize by sprinkling. And instead of advising these dozen brethren to sacrifice a little irrelevant difference for the sake of the cause they pretended to represent, and to unite themselves heart and hand with the stronger Congregationalists in the work of reclaiming for Christ that neighborhood which sadly needs such work, the Association had the hat passed around and took up $250, not to start them off in this aggressive coalition, but "to place them on an equal footing with other denominations," to enable them to pull a little more strongly in an opposite direction, that the two might the more equally fall together.

Thus has been uprooted of late in New England many a church society. The churches themselves have been very slow to recognize this fact. Only recently representatives of the Free Will Baptists and Congregationalists, mostly from Maine, met in Boston to see if some plan of union might not be agreed upon that their societies in the country towns might be saved from total extinction. The gathering reached no result, but it got upon the right road. In this direction lies the possible solution of at least a grave social problem.

THE AMERICAN ORIENTAL SOCIETY.

NEW YORK, October 29.

THE fall meeting of the American Oriental Society took place at New Haven on the afternoon of October 27, in the Yale Divinity School. It was held under circumstances to some extent depressing and dampening. Those who in the morning trudged through the town to see some of the sights of the ancient University must have been not a little drenched and dispirited. It was, therefore, the more reassuring when the Vice-President, Dr. Hayes Ward, called the meeting to order, to find the room comfortably filled by about twenty-five people, among whom several ladies were noticed. The Society was unpleasantly surprised to hear read a letter from Prof. Whitney, its time-honored President, in which he excused himself from attending on account of sickness; adding that he had not been compelled to do so (when in the country) in a period of thirty-eight years. After the reading of the minutes of the last meeting and the transaction of sundry other business, several interesting letters and communications were read, among them one from China on seven inscriptions containing magical prayers and formulas dating from the eleventh and twelfth centuries; and one from Mr. Protaba Chandra Roy of Calcutta, in relation to his publication, for gratuitous distribution, of the Indian classics, together with an English translation thereof. A letter was also read from Mr. Dodge of the Beirut Syrian-Protestant College, announcing the founding of an archæological department for Arabic, etc., at that institution.

The first speaker of the day was Prof. Isaac H. Hall of the Metropolitan Museum in this city, on the Nestorian tablet found some two hundred and sixty years ago in China. The inscription dates from the year 781 A.D., and contains Chinese and Syriac writing. Prof. Hall based his remarks on a new squeeze of the inscription, now the property of the Bible Society in New York, which sets at rest the doubts that have been expressed as to the names of the seventy teachers of the Gospel mentioned in the Syriac portion of the inscription. Prof. Hall then read a second paper on a copy of an old Syriac MS. recently received from the East, containing the chronicles of Mâr Jau Allâhâ and Rabban Saumâ, General-Bishop. It gives an interesting account of the travels of these two Syrians, between the years 1288 and 1318. From a geographical point of view they must be of considerable importance, especially those of Rabban Saumâ, who extended his journey to Rome (where he saw the Pope), Genoa, and Paris (where he visited the King of France). Prof. Hall remarked that these chronicles are held in high esteem by the Nestorians of our day, and exhibited several numbers of a periodical published at Urmiah (Persia), in which these travels have appeared, translated into modern Syriac.

Part of a lengthy communication from Mr. Jewett of Beirut and Cairo was next read by Prof. Toy of Harvard University, on a collection of Arabic proverbs made by himself among the natives. Not a few of them are witty, and show a keen insight into human relations, *e. g.*, "The ass went to borrow horns and came back without ears," "Eat what suits you, and wear what suits other people," "A monkey is, in his mother's eyes, a gazelle," etc. A paper was presented from Prof. Bloomfield on two hymns in the Atharvaveda, which, although already published by Prof. Weber of Berlin, have been, until now, inadequately understood and translated. According to Prof. Bloomfield, the one (the first of the second book) treats of counter-incantations, the other (the 128th of the sixth book) is a hymn in praise of the weather prophet and weather maker.

The succeeding paper, by Prof. Hopkins of Bryn Mawr, was undoubtedly the most interesting of the day's series. It was entitled, "Woman in India as Portrayed in the Mahâbhârata." Prof. Hopkins (who read only a part of his essay) advised a clear distinction between the earlier times and those portrayed in the Mahâbhârata. In the former, girls had considerable freedom in India, but in the time of the Mahâbhârata all this was changed. The character of woman as pictured in the earlier writings shows us a higher form than that which we gain from the Greek classics. The aphorisms in regard to women are complimentary, but quite otherwise in the later epic books. Prof. Hopkins is inclined to make, also, a topographical distinction. He finds that there were parts of India in which it was customary to buy women, but that an element coming from another part of the land worked against this custom. Women sometimes took part in war; and a mother had as absolute a control over her son, whom she could sell, as the father. Polyandry is unknown in India; but Prof. Hopkins adduced some cases of women marrying more than one man. In all these cases, however, the men were *brothers*. (This is the form of polyandry called by Mr. McLennan "Tibetan polyandry." Prof. Robertson Smith, in 'Kinship and Marriage in Early Arabia,' p. 122, *seq.*, has found traces of this custom elsewhere.)

Mr. A. B. W. Jackson of Columbia College read an essay on "The Similes from the Realms of Nature in the Avesta"; after which Prof. Hall spoke for the third time, on a Syriac calendar from Mardin, containing the feasts and fasts for the whole ecclesiastical year. The Society then listened to a paper by Gen. Carrington, U. S. A., on the integrity and harmony of the Bible in reference to the genealogical records it gives of the first inhabitants of the earth. The last two papers of the day were by Dr. Morris Jastrow, jr., of the University of Pennsylvania, on an As-

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syrian name bûdû-êl, which Dr. Jastrow has found not to be the equivalent of the Biblical Pedahel, as is generally accepted, but to stand for ĕbed-êl; and on the results to be obtained for the science of Assyriology from a study of the Samaritan language. The lateness of the hour prevented the Society from hearing the whole of this last paper, which opened up quite new fields of research. The Society then adjourned to meet in Boston on the second Wednesday of May next.

In the evening the members of the Society were entertained at a reception tendered them by President Dwight of Yale University, at which Oriental philology was laid aside for a pleasant hour of social intercourse.

RICHARD J. H. GOTTHEIL.

LONDON LITERARY GOSSIP.

LONDON, October 21.

FOR the moment, politics are in a state of expectancy. What will the Unionist-Liberals do with the Government? What will Lord Randolph do with his programme? What will Lord Salisbury do with Lord Randolph? What will the Czar do with Bulgaria? What will the Lord Mayor and the city police do with the Socialist demonstration? These are questions which politicians are more or less indolently asking, and for which they are content to wait for an answer from time. In default of graver matters, gossip has occupied itself with a silly canard and a great scandal. The silly canard is the fabricated home-rule scheme of the Government, borrowed, it is said, from Mr. Chamberlain, and assented to by Lord Hartington, of four Provincial Councils for Ireland. The scheme is not Mr. Chamberlain's, and Lord Hartington never assented to it, for the simple reason that the Government never entertained it, still less submitted it to him. Mr. Chamberlain's scheme, which was considered in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, last but one, proposed a single National Council for Ireland. It was rejected by one vote, in which Lord Hartington, with all the peers in the Cabinet, were the majority; Mr. Gladstone, with the remainder of his colleagues, all commoners, forming the minority. The scandal is the unauthorized publication of Lord Charles Beresford's somewhat alarming memorandum on the subject of the navy. A former theft was traced, I am told, to a single room in the Admiralty occupied by fewer than half-a-dozen persons. It is now believed that inquiry has still further narrowed the circle of possible guilt, and that a hand will presently be put on the shoulder of the offender. These breaches of confidence have been discreditably frequent under successive governments. Some of the great public offices—especially the Treasury, the Foreign Office, the War Office, and the Admiralty—are "clerked," if I may use the expression, by young men of birth and fashion, much in request in society, of small incomes and large expenditure. Their salaries must be supplemented somehow or other, and there are newspapers to buy what they have to sell. Such, at any rate, is the current explanation of a too frequent phenomenon.

While politics are dull or scandalous — two things which may go together — literature is meanwhile showing signs of activity and even of combativeness. The two great quarterlies, as it is still the fashion to call the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly* proper, have long since ceased to be powers in criticism. Mr. Disraeli compared them, at a period when they were vying with each other in opposition to reform, to the boots and chambermaid of rival posting houses, who, hating each other, yet expressed the common dislike of the Blue Boar and the Red Lion to railways. An eminent poet, fortunately still living, was the proud possessor of two tame geese, unhappily dead, whom he named *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*—injurious nicknames, he used to explain, inasmuch as the birds turned out to be quite intelligent creatures. This was irreverent jesting. There is still, no doubt, a good deal of admirable writing in these two periodicals, but as regards political discussion and literary criticism, they are in some degree superseded by the daily, weekly, and monthly press, and as regards essays, properly so called, by such works as the biographies and monographs contained in series like those edited by Mr. John Morley, Mr. Andrew Lang, and others. Just now, however, the *Quarterly* has succeeded in getting itself talked about in the old fashion. The article in the current number, on Mr. Edmond Gosse's lectures on "English Literature from Shakspere to Pope," recalls after its fashion the old slashing days, when the mind of Keats, "that fiery particle," allowed itself to be snuffed out by an article; when a Scotch reviewer unwittingly made the literary fortune of an English bard, afterwards known as Lord Byron, and when Gifford and Hookham Frere and others waged war with the Cockney and Lake schools, in the persons of Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Coleridge, and Wordsworth.

If the accusations made against Mr. Gosse are true, he is convicted of a degree of ignorance and effrontery, of an ignorance not nakedly displaying itself, but dressing itself up with a false assumption of knowledge, which makes his book an offence against morals as well as against Literature and scholarship. In a hasty compilation, got together by a Grub Street hack on starvation wages, at the bidding of some Curll of the trade, the blunders attributed to Mr. Gosse would be heinous. But Mr. Gosse is not a bookseller's hack. He is the Clarke Reader in English literature in Trinity College, Cambridge. He succeeded in that post Mr. Leslie Stephen, one of the most thorough and self-exacting of English scholars and thinkers. It is Mr. Gosse's province as a College Reader, not simply to amuse with entertaining discourse those who come to him, but to give them an example of conscientious and scrupulous research, and of sober and well-considered criticism. If the *Quarterly Review* be correct, Mr. Gosse is so ignorant of the chronology of English literature as to be necessarily an incompetent judge of its growth and development, and cannot have even seen some of the great works which he affects to criticise, for he thinks that the "Arcadia" of Sidney and "Oceana" of Harrington are poems. Mr. Gosse, as the police reports say, reserves his defence, protesting that he has a perfect answer to the case against him, and may be considered as at present under remand.*

The writer of the article in the *Quarterly Review*, which has been erroneously attributed to Mr. Alfred Austen, is understood to be Mr. J. Churton Collins, the author of some essays on Bolingbroke and Voltaire which have recently been reprinted in a separate volume from the *Quarterly Review*. Mr. Murray, almost alone among the great publishing houses in London, has certain writers who may be said to belong to his staff of authors, and who are ready, on conditions honorable to themselves and liberal on his part, to undertake book work for him as others undertake newspaper work or magazine work. Mr. Churton Collins began his career in London as a tutor in one of those great cramming institutions which the system of army, civil service, and Indian examinations has called into existence to supplement or supersede the university. In his indignation against Mr. Gosse there is something of the virtuous anger of the crammer with a man who has got up his subject insufficiently; and in his attacks on the daily and weekly critics who have praised Mr. Gosse's book, there is a flavor of the contempt which in other days he may have felt for civil-service examiners who allowed an impostor to scrape through. But Mr. Collins, indoing justice to an individual offender, claims credit for striking at a vicious system. There is a venal "ring," he asserts, in the literary world, a mutual selling of praise among a fraternity of writers who alternate the character of authors and of critics, and who review each other on the "claw me, claw thee" system. The accusation is based upon the notoriety of personal friendships and of literary and journalistic association; but I do not believe that it has any other basis. There is, of course, a certain amount of human nature even in critics, and a Brutus-like impartiality is not always to be expected. But, as a rule, personal friends are not allowed to review each other's books; and at the worst, the state of things is better than that which prevailed at the beginning of the century, when the tomahawk and the scalping-knife were the instruments of criticism, when Maginn and Christopher North could not acknowledge good poetry or even reputable morality in an antagonist, not to go back to an earlier period, when, as Prior, I think, says, an author's change of political opinion deprived a second edition of a volume of poems of merits which the first possessed.

Among works which are looked forward to with some interest just now, the promised 'Letters of Mr. Abraham Hayward' hold a conspicuous place. They are not likely to go over the same ground as that covered by the Greville memoirs. Mr. Charles Greville, as Clerk of the Council, was thrown into the political society of both parties, and, as a man of birth and of the world, was intimate with Whig and Tory leaders, was often their confidant, and more frequently perhaps their rather obtrusive and fussy adviser. Now and then, no doubt, he had disagreeable encounters and had to submit to rude rebuffs, as when the late Lord Derby, probably the most wantonly insolent man of modern society, explained a failure to recognize him outside the Council Chamber on the plea that no one could be expected to remember the face of the footman who opens the door to him. Some of his (Greville's) personal and political criticisms bear traces of incidents such as this.

Mr. Abraham Hayward, though he took sides in politics, was a man of letters and of society rather than of politics. If the word could be deprived, as I fear it cannot, of its dishonorable connotation, he might best be described as a parasite. He was an upright parasite. He was a diner-out in town, an invited entertainer at the great country houses, where, in the fashionable intelligence, he counted among the entertained. He purchased admission into the society of well-born and wealthy persons, of great ladies and great nobles, by cultivating the faculty of conversation and anecdote. He did not make any unworthy concessions. He neither servilely flattered nor basely reviled. But he liked the graces and cultivated manners of well-born persons, the combined simplicity and dignity of the country life of the hall and castle, the access to people who knew things at first hand; and he paid for the right of entry by interesting and amusing his hosts and fellow-guests. His writings, which were chiefly those of comment and anecdote, were in a certain sense parasitical like himself. His life-long feud with Mr. Disraeli dated from a very early period of their careers.

* Mr. Gosse's answer may be read in the *Athenæum* of October 23.—ED. NATION.

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He never forgave—perhaps it was not likely that he should do so—Disraeli's having called him "the louse of literature." Ought I, imitating Burns, to say l——se, or may the word be printed in full? A crawling and creeping gait and a very dingy and apparently unwashed countenance gave a personal appropriateness to the phrase, which had its literary fitness also. Mr. Hayward resented with some bitterness the fact that the services which he thought that he rendered to the Liberal party, as a sort of missionary of their principles in society, were never rewarded. He was, it is true, with utter inappropriateness, being a barrister without practice, made a Queen's Counsel. But this rose had its thorns; for, resenting the bestowal of a silk gown upon a mere man of letters, the Benchers of his Inn refused to admit him among them, and their refusal was confirmed by a legal decision. Sir William Harcourt, the most black-balled man in London, has been the subject of a similar slight, not on the ground of professional immutability, but of personal unpopularity. As Mr. Abraham Hayward was in the habit of severely condemning the scandalous indiscretions of the Greville memoirs, it may be assumed that his letters will be free from painful or unbecoming disclosures.

Sir Francis Doyle, following the example of the late Sir Henry Taylor, has not been content to let his recollections be *mémoires d'outre-tombe*. He has given his 'Reminiscences and Opinions' to the world while he is still living to defend, explain, or correct them. The circumstances under which this pleasantly garrulous volume of the last of the old Tories sees the light illustrates the blunders of booksellers—a subject to which a volume might be devoted. Sir Francis Doyle, who is a genuine poet of the heroic and manly school, a poet of English courage and achievement, was anxious to publish a collected edition of his poems. The eminent publisher to whom he addressed himself declined the venture. Poetry was a drug in the market. Sir Francis offered the manuscript of his 'Reminiscences and Opinions' in payment of the cost of publication. The offer was accepted, and the poems were published. But when the manuscript of the 'Reminiscences' was delivered and read, it was politely declined. The publisher expected to lose by the poems. The misjudging bookseller has now the mortification of seeing the rejected volume one of the most generally demanded books of the season; and it is to be hoped that the naturally sensitive *amour propre* of the poet author is soothed—guineas soothing the wound that honor feels.

L. L.

RENAN'S ABBESS OF JOUARRE.

PARIS, October 19, 1886.

J. J. ROUSSEAU speaks, in his 'Confessions,' of a Venetian girl who said to him: "Have done with women and study mathematics." The same advice was given to M. Renan, but it was not followed in time. It is a great pity that he wrote the "Abbesse de Jouarre." We can say now, as people said of Corneille—

"Après Agésilas,
Hélas!
Mais après Attila,
Holà!"

After the "Prêtre de Nemi" and "1802" we were on the point of saying "hélas"; we can now boldly say "holà." Renan feels, himself, that it is time for him to stop. "The work which I now offer to the public," he says in the preface to the "Abbesse de Jouarre," "is probably the only one of this series which I shall execute [he alludes to a series of dramas which are in his imagination]. I have still a great work of religious history to write. I foresee the possibility of finishing it. I will no longer allow myself any diversion."

It is necessary to say so—the last productions of M. Renan are not only very objectionable in themselves, but have contributed to throw much discredit on the serious part of his historical and literary labors. Many people have asked themselves after reading them, "Why! is this the man who pretends to explain to us the mysteries and the origin of Christianity? Is this levity, this frivolity, this absence of any deep morality, this intellectual and moral Epicureanism, this dilettantéism, compatible with the austere duties of the historian and of the commentator and interpreter of the Old and New Testaments?" One of our wittiest writers has condensed this sentiment into a sharp *bon mot*, which has gone all round Paris. During the rehearsals of "1802," a piece composed for the birthday of Victor Hugo, Renan, who is courtesy itself, made flattering remarks to one of the actresses of the French Theatre; and during the representation, when, as usual, all the writers and journalists of Paris were discussing the piece during the *entr'actes*, the writer I allude to said gayly: "I see what it is, Renan is going to spend on . . . the money he made out of the 'Life of Jesus.'"

The criticism was in one sense absolutely false, as Renan has always led, and leads now, the most virtuous life; it was just in another sense, if you think of the intellectual capital which had been acquired, by long years of labor, by the author of the 'Life of Jesus.' The last works of Renan have, so to speak, undermined his first works; his 'Life of Jesus' reads more now like a sort of religious novel; the Epicurean has damaged the moralist, the sceptic has damaged the critic. Renan is like a potter who breaks the vases which he has carefully made; he makes idols and turns them into clay, he takes clay and makes new idols. He can be a patriot, he can be cosmopolitan, he celebrates matter, he celebrates thought. His "all is in all" philosophy is disappointing, after all; and we are obliged, in the end, to admire his style more than his thoughts—he is essentially an "artifex."

In the "Abbesse de Jouarre" Renan celebrates love, material love; he ceases to be a disciple of Plato, he gives us to understand that Platonic love is a comedy, a mere concession to the artificial laws of human society. It is a mere preface, which can be as long as you like when you have a lifetime before you, but which becomes terribly short when death is near and threatening. The drama begins in the time of the Terror. The old Collège du Plessis, in the neighborhood of the Collège de France, has been turned into a prison. We see on a bench two men, the *Marquis D'Arcy*, the *Comte de la Ferté;* groups of men and women go to and fro. They are all condemned, they hear in the distance the Revolutionary "Ça ira." *La Ferté* says to *D'Arcy:* "What I find insupportable is to die for a race of monkeys. . . . This is all odious and stupid. Do you hear all these drunken men? They imagine that they are conquering armies with bravadoes. One might think we were in Naples. Is it not grotesque?" "Yes," answers *D'Arcy*, "if it be not admirable." *D'Arcy* is a partisan of the "new ideas," a "liberal." Like so many gentlemen of his time, he has only been left a little behind, and he finds it almost natural, at the foot of the guillotine. "As for myself," says he sententiously, "I am always with those who aspire after the unknown. Justice is before us, not behind us." We would remark here that such language is anachronistic: no gentleman, in 1793, ever aspired after the unknown; we do that now, in 1886. The sententious *D'Arcy* has so much influence over *La Ferté* that the latter finally tells him: "Thank you, very dear friend. To-morrow, in the fatal cart, I will sit next to you. You shall be my priest. I renounce all hatred; thanks to you, I can now weep." *D'Arcy* does not content himself with preaching before dying: "I should like," he says, "to live all my life over again in one hour; I should like to see before me all those whom I have loved." At this very moment enters the *Abbesse de Jouarre*, the only woman whom *D'Arcy* has loved. They recognize each other, but the Abbess says to him, "Let us act as if we were dead; we shall be dead in twelve hours." She goes out and retires to her cell. *D'Arcy* explains to his friend that the Abbey of Jouarre was given to her when she was only fifteen; he loved her, and lost her, and now he has found her, but too late.

The second act opens in the cell of *Julie*, the Abbess. Her monologue would not and could not be borne on the stage. She reviews her past life, she is conscious of having accomplished her duties. Fancy an Abbess in 1793, in the prisons of the Terror, saying quietly: "I have wished the amelioration of the fate of humanity. I have served well the nation towards whom my birth had assigned me duties. Descending, as I do, from those who founded France, I have kept her traditions, and the first of all was fidelity to my oath. I have respected the rule which existing institutions imposed upon me." She does not repent having followed "the movement of the philosophical ideas" when it became evident to her that the acknowledged faith was on many points not tenable. She is not a believer, she has played a part, has played it well, and intends playing it to the end. She has renounced faith, but not the forms of faith. She confesses having loved once, she is proud of it. "Excellent man!" she exclaims, referring to *D'Arcy*, "what a proof did he not give me a moment ago of the loftiness of his soul. He might have troubled my last hours! . . . To-morrow, however, he will die with me." At this thought she shudders and begins to cry.

She has no remorse, she has regrets. Which is better—remorse or regret? She has sacrificed all, even love, to an abstract duty. She kneels down. At this instant the door opens. *D'Arcy* has corrupted the jailer and enters her cell. Here comes the great scene of the piece—what Francisque Sarcey calls *la scène à faire*, and which, in this case, many will call *la scène à ne pas faire*. For *D'Arcy* has but one idea, he wants to give his last hours to love; what he could not obtain during many years he will have now. "Men exist no more for us, we are alone in the world. . . . Our love, dear *Julie*, will be without a future . . . there is no to-morrow for it. . . . What right have men over us now? We are quit with them. Shame on the man who only sees in love the passing pleasure, without thinking of its sacred consequences! Poor friend! That which would have been the happiness of our lives, if the laws we respected had not interdicted it, will be refused us. The fruit of our love will die with us. . . ." I suppress phrases and words which are really too difficult to translate, and perhaps I have already translated too much, for it is hardly possible to imagine anything more grossly repulsive than the proposition which *D'Arcy* makes to the Abbess. The solemnity of the hour, the approaching death, this Abbess "jam pallida morte futurâ"—all the circumstances seem to preclude what M. Renan would have us consider as the natural and almost necessary consequence of the situation which he has imagined. In his preface he says: "I often imagine that, if humanity acquired the conviction that the world was coming to an end in two or three days, love would burst forth everywhere with a sort of frenzy. It is what happened with the martyrs of the primitive

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church. The last night that they spent together in prison witnessed scenes which the rigorists disapproved." There is much more in this vein, which I pass over.

The poor Abbess does not at once understand this philosophy, but *D'Arcy* delivers a sort of lecture to her. "What is the soul without the body? What are our senses if they are not in communion with the rest of the universe? Good is the end of the world, and love is the intense expression of good. Everything in nature says to us: 'Love each other.'". The discourses of *D'Arcy* are all in this vein; never has a lover been so cold, so pedantic. The Professor in the "Monde où l'on s'ennuie," who flirts with all the ladies, is delightful in comparison with this *D'Arcy*. We are surprised at the emotion of the Abbess; she might go to sleep while hearing these tiresome developments on death and life and love. And in truth she does not feel much emotion. She says: "I am not weak. I have always in my life taken the hardest and most heroic part." She does so this time again, and *D'Arcy* is satisfied.

Is it necessary to go any further? It is difficult after this to go on, but I will do so rapidly. When the cart of the guillotine arrives, *D'Arcy's* name is called, the Abbess is not called. A friend has obtained her pardon, an officer of the Republican army called *La Fresnais*, who has brought to Paris the news of a victory. *D'Arcy* dies, and *Julie* cannot die; she tries to strangle herself with her veil, but she is saved, and in the last two acts we find her living quietly under an assumed name, with a child, her own child. She meets *La Fresnais*, who has continued in love with her; she tells him the secret of her love for *D'Arcy*, of the birth of her child; and this hero, who is very kind, as all heroes are, marries her. We might finish by saying, like the old *Contes:* "Ils furent heureux, et eurent beaucoup d'enfants." The last acts are uncommonly dull, and all the interest is centred in the first two acts. After the night passed in the prison there is really nothing to do but to draw the curtain. If there could be an excuse for writing this second act, it would only be in the fact that the hero and heroine are killed immediately afterwards. The disappearance of *D'Arcy* is a satisfaction, but the persistence of the Abbess is a very disagreeable surprise. Her marriage with another man seems, comparatively speaking, very natural.

Correspondence.

THE ANDOVER HYPOTHESIS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I see that your correspondent, L. F. Parker, questions, in the *Nation* of October 14, the accuracy of your statement that "Congregationalists believe that those who have never known the teachings of Christ are as badly off after death as those who, having known them here, neglected or refused to order their lives in accordance with them," and attempts to correct you by quoting from a sermon of Dr. Withrow the words, "Some pagans have gladly walked in the light, and *all* may, can do so. It is *not* the doctrine of the Church that the entire mass of the pagans have gone down to endless impenitence and death"; and by asserting as his own opinion that "it is the belief, doubtless, of intelligent Congregationalists that, helpful as a knowledge of the historic Christ and his words may be in building character pleasing to God and to all who love moral good, it is not *essential* to it."

As the controversy started over this subject is, indeed, "likely to continue for some time, it is important," as your correspondent says, "that its vital points should be understood"; and the only way to get at the vital points of the position of the Congregationalist body is to go not to individual sermons, but to the authorized statement of its official representatives.

What is that statement? At a meeting of its National Conference in 1865, held in Boston, it declared almost unanimously its adherence to the old Puritan confession of faith based on the Westminster Confession, and first adopted in this country in 1648; and this Confession declares that "Others not elected cannot be saved; much less can men not professing the Christian religion be saved *in any other way whatsoever, be they never so diligent to frame their lives according to the light of nature and the law of that religion they do profess;* and to assert and maintain that they may is very pernicious and to be detested." "Works done by unregenerate men, although, for the matter of them, they may be things which God commands and of good use both to themselves and others, yet because they proceed not from a heart purified by faith, nor are done in a right manner, according to the word, nor to a right end, the glory of God, they are therefore sinful, and cannot please God, nor make a man meet to receive grace from God" (chap. x, sec. 4; chap. xvi, sec. 7).

With regard to whether those "not saved" by framing their lives "according to the light of nature and the law of that religion they do profess" are as badly off as those who, having known Christ, have neglected or rejected him, it divides all sin into two kinds, original and actual: original sin being that received from our first parents, whose guilt "was imputed and a corrupted nature conveyed to all their posterity," "whereby they are utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil"; and actual sin, that which men themselves commit. And it declares "Every sin, *both original and actual*, being a transgression of the righteous law of God and contrary thereto, doth in its own nature bring guilt upon the sinner, whereby *he is bound over to the wrath of God and curse of the law, and so made subject to death, with all miseries, spiritual, temporal, and eternal*" (chap. vi, secs. 3, 4, 6).

This Confession, after being adopted in Boston, was, to give it additional solemnity, readopted the next day by the members of the Conference, on a visit to Plymouth, in the old burial-ground, over the ashes of its first adherents, and also reaffirmed at another meeting of the Conference, held several years later at the West; and, as it has never been repudiated or its first adoption rescinded, it must now be held, if ecclesiastical bodies are to be regarded as bound by the common laws of veracity, as expressing its present belief, and of course as confirming the statement of the *Nation*. Dr. Withrow's lighthouses along the coast of heathen lands are manifestly of no avail in making their inhabitants less "badly off," if framing their lives according to them has nothing to do with saving them from their inherited subjection to death, "with all its miseries, spiritual, temporal, and eternal." K.

Hartford, Ct., October 25, 1886.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Apropos of your note touching Dante's scruple as to the fate of the heathen, it may not be out of place to call attention to a still older authority, where the same problem is presented, and, what is much more, solved in a truly heroic fashion; one, too, that leaves no great room for improvement even at the hands of the Andover theologians. In Matthew 25:31-46 we read that when the Son of Man shall come in glory with the holy angels, He shall gather all the heathen (*πάντα τὰ ἔθνη*) before His throne, and, having parted them like sheep and goats to right and left, shall invite those on the right to partake of the joys of His kingdom, and dismiss those on the left into the damnation of the devil. The principle of this tremendous division is then declared to be a very simple one: Humanity, Love. "I hungered and ye gave me (not) food; I thirsted and ye gave me (not) drink." Astounded, the sheep (goats) ask *when?* The King answers: "Verily, I say to you, so far as ye did (not) to one of *these my brethren*, even the least, ye did (not) to me."

In understanding this picture everything depends on the italicized phrase. Who are *these my brethren?* Clearly neither sheep nor goats, for the expression is used, in addressing each class, to denote some beings distinct from the class addressed. The explanation is very simple: *These my brethren* are the *Christians*. They encircle the throne of the King, and hence are pointed out by the demonstrative *these*; they are His associates in the kingdom and in the Judgment. They are *not* themselves *being judged* at all. In fact, the idea of Christ judging Christians, as to their final doom, is little short of grotesque.

It may seem that the principle of division has been stated too broadly: not humanity or love in general, but towards the Christian community, grounds a title to heirship in the kingdom. And this criticism is just; but the limitation lies not in the nature of the case, still less in the spirit of Christ's teaching, but in the *view* of the writer. This latter was a Jewish Christian, and we may readily forgive him if the term "neighbor" was not in his mind filled up with all the fulness of meaning that Christ poured into it. It is for those whom the Spirit has guided into all truth to strengthen at its weak points the early Jewish Christian conception.

It is most noteworthy that no question of belief or unbelief, of "historic" or "essential" Christ, of dogma of any kind, is raised. Absolutely the only test applied is that of love to fellow-man. And this glorious thought, even in its rude form a veritable Koh-i-noor, has been shining upon us unheeded these 1,800 years! And now a cloud of dust is thrown up at the discovery of a grain of corn—the Andover hypothesis! Could there be a sadder commentary on the progress of humanity?

William Benjamin Smith.

Columbia, Mo., October 24, 1886.

THE "DIVINE INSTITUTION" IN MASSACHUSETTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The bill of sale of a slave in Connecticut, given in the last number of the *Nation*, suggests that your readers may be interested in some documents in my possession. I have a bill of sale of a slave to one of my ancestors, dated thirteen years before the one furnished by your correspondent, and differing slightly from it in the wording. Here it is:

"Know all men by these Presents that I Eleazer Moses of Salem in the County of Essex & Province of the Mass'ts, New Eng'd, Mariner—for & in consideration of the sum of One Hundred & Twenty Pounds old Tenor, to me in hand before the ensealing hereof well & truly paid by James Jeffry of Salem in the County afores'd, Shopkeeper, the Receipt whereof I do hereby acknowledge, & myself therewith satisfied, contented & paid,—Have bargained & sold, & do by these presents bargain & sell, sett over & confirm unto ye said James Jeffry, his exec'rs, adm'rs or assignes, one Negro man servant known by the name of Peter, w'ch I brought with me from Surinam the last Fall past.—To have & to hold said Negro Peter dureing his natural life, unto the said James Jeffry, his heirs, exec'rs, adm'rs or assignes.—And further I the said Eleazer Moses for myself, my heirs, exec'rs & admin'rs, do covenant & engage the above Demised Premises unto the said James Jeffry, his heirs, exec'rs & admin'rs against the Lawful Claims &

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Demands of any Person whatsoever for Ever hereafter to Warrant, Secure & Defend.—

"In Witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand & seal this 4th day of April Anno Dom. 1745. (Signed) ELEAZER MOSES.

"Signed, Sealed & Delivered in presence of J. Stacey, John Grey."

It never occurred to me, till suggested by your correspondent's letter, that I had any cause for shame or regret in the possession of the above document. In the exciting days when the cloud of war was rising with ominous aspect, I used it in argument with some of my neighbors, who held up their hands in holy horror at the sin of slavery, as an evidence that our own skirts were not unstained; and I have preserved it among my family records as a curiosity which I have no wish to keep out of sight.

Another document in my possession, of much older date, contains evidence which is applicable in a similar way to a subject that is still full of living interest. Among a great mass of old family papers I found many years since a single copy of the Boston *News-Letter* bearing date "From Monday, Aug. 12, to Monday, Aug. 19, 1706." The *News-Letter* was the first newspaper published on this continent, and was begun in 1704, and for fifteen years was the sole representative of periodical literature in America.

Let me give you some extracts from its columns. The following are items of news from different quarters:

"Piscataqua, Aug. 15th. On Saturday last the sculking Indian enemy killed a man at Dover."

"Hartford, Aug. 5th. The Towns in the County of Hampshire being greatly infested by the sculking Indian enemy, we are just sending out fifty men with dogs who are to divide into small parties and range the woods on both sides the River, in hopes to discover and annoy the enemy."

It seems, therefore, that when the Connecticut River was the Western Frontier, the settlers dealt with the Indians in as summary a manner as the frontiersmen are forced to do to-day. And that they were sanctioned in so doing by public authority is proved by the following extract from the same paper:

"Boston.—An Act passed by the Great and General Court or Assembly of this Province on Wednesday the 7th Current for encouraging the Prosecution of the Indian enemy.—Granting the following reward or premium—(over and above the stated wages to such as are under pay,—and the benefit of Plunder and all Indian women and children Prisoners, under 12 years of age) to every Company, Troop, Party or Person singly who shall Kill or take any male Indian enemy or Rebel capable of bearing Arms or above the age of 12 years—

Viz.—To the Regular Detached Forces under pay —Ten pounds pr Head.

To Volunteers actually in the service and under pay—Twenty pounds pr Head.

To Volunteers without pay or subsistence, Fifty Pounds pr Head.

To any Company, Troop or Party, issuing forth upon an alarm to the relief of any Town or Garrison attacked,—Thirty Pounds pr Head."

Let these facts be borne in mind by those who are so ready to condemn the cruelty and wickedness of modern Indian warfare. I will not moralize upon them, but simply offer them for the consideration of those who are interested.

H. W. S. CLEVELAND.

MINNEAPOLIS, October 23, 1886.

PERIODICITY OF EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The coincidence of earthquake shocks in Greece and South Carolina during the last week of August has been much commented upon. On September 26, 27, and 28 there was a like coincidence, shocks of more or less severity being reported from Asia Minor, Germany, South Carolina, and Central America. Again, on October 22 and 23 the same phenomenon recurs, a shock which was felt very widely in the Southern States occurring almost simultaneously with one in Greece. Other instances of like character have been recorded repeatedly within a few months past.

The "mountain making" referred to in the *Nation* for September 9 as holding the first place among the causes of earthquakes, appears to exert itself, at present, at intervals of about twenty-six days over a very wide section of the earth's surface.—Yours truly, M. A. VEEDER.

LYONS, N. Y., October 25, 1886.

[The more conservative opinion of seismologists in regard to lunar control of shocks may, we believe, be fairly represented as follows: No one entering on the problem allows himself to be prejudiced either in favor of or against the moon's action in the case; it is not a question of preference one way or the other. He may simply ask, first, by the inductive method, whether the hour and date of the occurrence of earthquakes, as recorded through a long period of time, shows maxima and minima in sympathy with lunar periods, diurnal, semi-monthly, and monthly. This investigation was made by Perrey of Dijon for about 10,000 earthquakes, and only a faint accord with lunar periods was discovered. It has been tried by others—more recently by Forel for the carefully observed Swiss earthquakes, without finding clear connection between the effect and the suggested cause. Statistics, therefore, show that while there may be and very likely is, in some cases, a certain control exerted by the differential action of lunar attraction, it is a faint control, which in the great majority of cases is overpowered by other controls.

The question may also be attacked deductively by examining the accurately determinable value of the lunar differential pull, and from this it appears that the pull is very small compared to gravity; that the diurnal tidal deformation of the earth must be very small on account of the quick changes in the direction and value of the pull on the rapidly turning and relatively rigid earth, which therefore has not time to change its form significantly; and that the semi-monthly or monthly inequality of lunar attraction may be of more importance by reason of its slower change of values. Finally, on examining the geographic distribution of earthquakes, it is seen that they are not most frequent in the equatorial belt, where the earth tides would be strongest, and that they are not even regularly distributed in longitude, but are distinctly connected with the purely telluric phenomena of volcanic outbursts, and of those general disturbances to which the name mountain-building (orogenic) is often given. If, then, the distribution in time fails to show distinct lunar control, if the lunar deforming force be suspiciously small, and if the distribution in place point decisively to a terrestrial control, the moon cannot figure as a first cause of earthquakes.

On the other hand, the long-advocated idea that the moon may touch off a mechanism that has been wound up, so to speak, by telluric forces, is certainly an attractive one, especially in view of George Darwin's tidal studies, and Taylor's extension of them in regard to the origin of mountain chains (*American Journal of Science*, October, 1885), which show how great an influence the moon has exerted on the earth; but although attractive, and to a certain extent plausible, it cannot at present be said to point to the chief determinant of the time of earthquake shocks. Remarkable approximate coincidences are known in great number; indeed, in just about the same number as the non-coincidences. Moreover, the argument from approximate coincidence should be employed with great caution. Bode's law of planetary distances, Élie de Beaumont's theory of parallel mountain chains, Owen's hypotheses about great circles of geographic forms and disturbances, and the perennial belief in the moon's control of the weather, are notorious illustrations of how far the argument may be carried, and of the unsatisfactory conclusions to which it leads.—ED. NATION.]

A PARALLEL IN SOVEREIGNTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I found in Cedrenus, the other day, a passage which mildly illustrates the prerogative right of monarchs and legislatures to make anything they please a legal tender—that "incident of sovereignty" which, as Mr. McMurtrie justly argues, was properly vouched in by the Supreme Court of the United States in order to show what the framers of the Constitution meant, if they really left that tremendous power not openly expressed, but hidden away, like another Guy Fawkes, in one of its secret passages. Writing of that brave but graceless villain in purple, Nicephorus II. (A. D. 963-969), Cedrenus says (I translate literally):

"He depreciated the coinage, having invented the *tartaron* coin, as it is called; and as thenceforward there were two kinds of coinage, he exacted the heavier in the levy of public taxes, but in disbursements was lavish with the light coin. And although it was in accordance with law and custom that every emperor's mintage should have currency on terms of equal value (unless it were depreciated in weight), he ordained that his own should have the precedence, having forced down the mintages of the others. From this cause he inflicted no small damage on his subjects in brokerage charges, as they are called, and (what was the worst result from such a cause), while the public administration was kept hard pressed, the value of commodities in the markets did not get any boom" (Cedrenus: Bekker's ed., vol. ii, p. 369).

Nicephorus, it will be seen, had two kinds of money, one for the Government and another for the people. We had the same state of affairs under our reign of greenbacks. Nicephorus debased his money by only a fraction of its intrinsic value. We debased our money into no intrinsic value at all. Nicephorus, in the levy of public taxes, called for hard money, which he had not tampered with. In the levy of duties on imports we, too, discredited our greenbacks by calling for gold. Nicephorus, in his disbursements, gave a forced circulation to his debased coin by making them a legal tender. We gave a forced circulation to our bills of credit by making them a legal tender. Nicephorus was lavish with his light coins. Our Government was lavish with its greenbacks.

Though Nicephorus was a paragon of financial prudery as compared with the devisers of our legal-tender policy, the historian does not seem to think very highly of him or of his economics. Cedrenus says that the people lost money in exchanging bad money for good; that the Government was not really relieved by the knavish expedient of sweating its own coin; and that the trade of the country was deranged by the derangement of its currency. If the framers of the

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Constitution did really mean, as we are now taught, that this execrable "incident of sovereignty" should be secreted in that instrument, like a stowaway in a ship, ready to save (or scuttle) it in times of storm, then I can only say that they were more cunning and less wise than has been commonly supposed.

W.

WASHINGTON, November 2, 1886.

AT GETTYSBURG AND AFTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As I was in the battle of Gettysburg on Culp's Hill, and have made a study of it both on the ground and otherwise since, perhaps you will allow me a word or two concerning your remarks given on page 335 of your issue of last week.

"Had Ewell's corps attacked with its whole strength soon after Longstreet," it would have found the whole of the Twelfth in position, partly entrenched and awaiting it; and one may well believe that the punishment inflicted upon Ewell's corps would have been much more severe than that which it did receive. And, further, it seems quite doubtful if Ewell could have put in his whole corps at once, or at least to any advantage. When one is on the ground, and considers the lay of the land, and especially the relation of Wolf's Hill to that part of the field, the matter seems plain.

Again, as to what happened after Gettysburg, if anybody supposes that the Union army "was too much shaken to deliver a counterblow at its adversary," he is entirely mistaken as to the facts. I will not ask space to rehearse them, but will only say that the Twelfth corps, though it had lost some men, was sound, strong, and wholly unshaken; that the Sixth corps was in practically perfect condition, having lost (except possibly Shaler's brigade) but a very few hundred men; that the Fifth corps, though it had lost severely, was still in nearly complete form; that except Buford the cavalry was ready for its full duty; and that except the First corps, and in less degree the Third and Second, and a part of the Eleventh corps, the whole army was unshaken. The matter was not with the army, which was capable of having captured or dispersed the whole of Lee's army before Saturday night. The matter was with those who had charge of the army, and who were as incapable of swinging it against him and threshing his army to pieces, as a man is unable to thresh grain with a full-grown oak. As to Falling Waters, if the story only could be told as it really was!—for it is far worse than the other. A good division officer was set to be a general, and he was tenfold overweighted. Perhaps it is useless to write these things, but if you only knew the facts, I think your remarks would have been different.—Very respectfully, JESSE H. JONES,

Late Capt. Company "I," 60th N. Y. V.

NORTH ABINGTON, MASS., October 28, 1886.

WOMEN VS. AMERICANS AS COMPOSERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter on "Women as Composers," in the last number of the *Nation*, Prof. Riehl is quoted as saying, after referring to the fact that conservatories of music have been open to women for nearly a century:

"Women, thus far, have not yet composed a great poetical work, a great drama or epic, nor any great musical work such as a symphony, an oratorio, or a grand opera of any lasting effect. They have, indeed, composed sweet songs, but even those are but exceptional. This fact seems to prove that women's capacity does not lie in this direction."

I wonder how many people there are to whom it occurs to measure the validity of this "proof" by seeing whether the statement would not continue to be literally true if the word *Americans* were substituted for *women*. The conclusion may or may not be just; but I think that when one reflects upon the rareness of great poets or dramatists or composers, and upon the multitude of favoring circumstances which go to the stimulating and ripening of native genius, and for the want of which it is so likely to remain latent or unknown, one will be slow to decide, from the experience of a single century, that either Americans or women can never be great in music.

F. F.

BALTIMORE, October 29, 1886.

Notes.

D. APPLETON & Co. will be the American publishers of Francis Darwin's biography of his eminent father.

A rapid outline of American history, 'The Nation in a Nutshell,' by Geo. Makepeace Towle; 'Sketches of Western Life,' by Harvey Rice, of Cleveland, Ohio; 'How Shall My Child be Taught?' by Mrs. Louisa Parsons Hopkins; and 'The Monarch of Dreams,' a story by T. W. Higginson, are the latest announcements of Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Ginn & Co. will hereafter publish Myer's 'Ancient History' (heretofore on the list of Harper & Bros.) in connection with his volumes of mediæval and modern history. Mr. W. Collar's edition of Eysenbach's German Grammar is in the printer's hands.

Thomas Whittaker has nearly ready the 'Life of Christ in the World,' sermons by the Rev. Arthur Brooks.

'A Banker of Bankersville,' by Maurice Thompson, will shortly be issued by Cassell & Co.

'The Book of the Tile Club,' a holiday volume, with text by F. Hopkinson Smith and Edward Strahan, and adorned pictorially after the fashion of the Club, will be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. They have also nearly ready 'The Old Garden,' a little book of poetry by Mrs. Margaret Deland.

Subscriptions are invited to a 'History of the New York Academy of Sciences, 1817-1886,' in preparation by Herman Le Roy Fairchild, Recording Secretary. It will make a handsome octavo volume of about 140 pages, illustrated with portraits of the five presidents of the Society and of other officers, and with engravings of buildings. The price will be $2.50. Prof. Fairchild's address is 102 E. 32d St.

The three latest issues in the Bohn Library (Scribner & Welford) are the second volume of Didron's 'Christian Iconography'; John Foster's 'Essay on the Improvement of Time,' with notes on sermons and sundry discourses; and S. Mendel's translation (not very close or artistic) of Hauff's 'Tales.'

'The Newcomes,' in the taking little red-backed series now issuing by J. B. Lippincott Co., has just appeared, in two volumes.

The special attention given to ancient history in our preparatory and other schools has warranted the publication of that part of Miss Sheldon's admirable 'Studies in General History' (D. C. Heath & Co.) which treats of ancient history, in a volume by itself. It fills, with the index, 255 pages, and it needs no further commendation to any person who is familiar with the remarkable merits of the parent work. We will only add one thing, that this method, like every method of original and independent excellence, calls for teachers of skill and thoughtfulness above the average.

Prof. G. Stanley Hall, in the preface to Hall and Mansfield's 'Hints toward a Select and Descriptive Bibliography of Education, arranged by topics and indexed by authors' (Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.), disarms criticism of the plan and execution of the work by acknowledging sundry imperfections. As in so many instances, the authors' public are likely to be thankful for what they get, without complaint of shortcomings. We shall imitate this public, while regretting the typographical defectiveness which stares from every page. We refer particularly to the way in which German and French titles (the only foreign, except one or two Italian) are disfigured. Take these examples: (p. 24) "der erwigen wahren Menschen-Erziehung"; (p. 27) "aus seinem Werken"; (p. 28) 'Émil; ou, *sur* l'éducation' (for 'Émile; ou De l'éducation'); (p. 29) "Ueber der wirksamsten Mittel," "Schiften" (for "Schriften"); (p. 193) "le preparation pedagogique"; (p. 203) "la paupérisme dans les universites"; (p. 216) "Theoretisces" (for "Theoretisches"); (p. 252) "l'enseignement comercial" (for "commercial"); (p. 150) "d'agregation," "langues etrangières," "Litterature française dans les Facultés de [des] lettres," etc. The index, we are sorry to say, follows with Chinese fidelity the errors of the text, giving therefore two entries, to "Dumernil" and "Dumesuil," where one and the same person is intended (Dumesnil). Want of knowledge likewise gives two entries to J. J. Rousseau because he chanced to be mentioned without his initials. Pressensé is entered under D (De Pressensé), etc.

As a chronicle of New England pioneer life, Ethan Allen Crawford's 'History of the White Mountains' must always rank as a classic. Its quaint style—Crawford using the pen of his wife Lucy—and its anecdotes of hardship and stirring adventure lead the reader irresistibly on from the opening sentence: "Hannah Hanes was born in Brimfield, Mass., August 3, 1744, and at an early age she experienced religion, at the age of seventeen, I think she told me," etc. The work was originally published in 1845, and it was high time there should be a second edition. This has now been published, without note or comment, by Mr. Henry W. Ripley (Portland: Brown Thurston & Co.). A photographic copy of Harding's portrait of the elder Crawford, and sundry engravings after photographs of White Mountain scenery, enhance the value of this reprint.

Like the five preceding volumes in his "Olden-Time Series" (Ticknor & Co.), Mr. Henry M. Brooks's 'Literary Curiosities' embraces many matters classifiable under other rubrics. In point of entertainment it is quite up to the level. On page 71 an old Jo is given in two versions, of 1791 and 1834, the first ascribing it to an anonymous clergyman unhappily married, the second to Dean Swift in the character of a cynical bachelor. Amusing are some pre-Adamite attempts at etymologizing, as (1786), "Origin of the word Dun"—from "one Joe Dun, a famous bailiff of the town of Lincoln"; and (1823), "going snacks," from "a noted body searcher," named Snacks, at the time of the London plague. A latter-day experiment in education was anticipated in 1790, in Boston, when the School Committee added to the list of books to be used in the Reading Schools—a list beginning with the Bible—"the newspapers, occasionally." The contemporary account of 'Eliza Wharton, the Coquette,' alias Elizabeth Whitman, is reproduced at some length. In time for the approaching Harvard anniversary festivities is the recalling of a public letter from President Willard, in 1791, disavowing the alleged use of an abridged Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall' as a text-book in a Christian college.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is an industrious boo maker, and not more felicitous in the discovery of excellent subjects than careless in handling

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them. We noted not long ago that he was preparing the 'Book-Fancier,' a volume on the romance of book-collecting, and it is now advertised that he has written the 'Lives of the Sheridans'—a book which one of the most gifted of the family, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, announced that she had in preparation nearly twenty-five years ago.

Albert Smith's name is not as well remembered as it deserves to be, and those who have read his amusing 'Adventures of Mr. Ledbury' will be glad to see an announcement of a new edition in two volumes, with three hitherto uncollected chapters, and the twenty-one etchings by Leech which illustrated it in *Bentley's Miscellany*.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia College is to have charge of a supplement to *Science*, appearing with every fourth number, and devoted to education and pedagogics. These numbers, as they will furnish a complete educational journal, with its proper pagination, can be had separately by subscribers.

Some very striking heliotype views of the ruin caused by the Charleston earthquake, and several graphic private letters from that city and from Summerville, in the midst of the terror, will be found in the *American Architect*, Boston, for October 30 (Gelatine edition).

One could wish a wider circulation for Mr. R. R. Bowker's very agreeable "Memories among English Librarians," begun in the *Library Journal* for October. In the same number, Mr. J. L. Whitney prints an enlarged list of illustrations and plans of library buildings in the Boston Public Library. It fills more than eight pages in double columns. We ought to have mentioned that the previous number of the *Journal* contained, among the Milwaukee Proceedings, Mr. Thorvald Solberg's valuable historical paper on international copyright in Congress, 1837–1886, to which is added a bibliography of bills, reports, petitions, etc. A separate limited print has been made of this paper, but not commercially.

Libraries or individuals having incomplete sets or volumes of the *Liberator* (Boston, 1831–1865), or even a few odd numbers only, are requested to communicate with Mr. F. J. Garrison, Roxbury, Mass.

We read in the report of the Librarian of the Redwood Library, Newport, R. I.: "The necessity for rebinding is, in fact, one which increases year by year. The present mania for cheap books has seriously affected the manufacture of books intended to be permanent. Not only is the paper poorer, but the work is so carelessly done that many books now need to be rebound almost before the gloss has worn from the surface of the covers. As some of the publishers bind at present, it is a question whether it would not be a saving in cost to a library to purchase the work in sheets, and have it suitably bound at a regular book-bindery, or even whether it is worth while to buy their books at all."

The index to American local history which has been undertaken by the Boston Public Library is continued in the latest Bulletin through the letter M.

The second issue of the year-book of the Library of the University of Norway (*Universitets-Bibliothekets Aarbog*) for 1885, is a well-printed volume of nearly 200 pages, all but eighteen being occupied by a catalogue of the accessions, to the end of the fiscal year 1885. The increase was 7,400 volumes, making the grand total of the library—exclusive of the duplicates, and the collections of music, engravings, etc.—256,578 books, 1,373 manuscripts, and 567 maps; twenty-five per cent. greater than it was in 1876. The accessions are divided into four divisions. The first contains the books printed in Norway during 1884—the special catalogue of these being required by the copyright law of 1882, which also enacted that copies of every book printed in the country must be sent to the library; the second, the additions to Norwegian literature from other sources and of earlier dates; the third, the foreign accessions, including Danish, Swedish, and Icelandic books, and the fourth the manuscripts. The librarian reports 51,706 works used; of these 26,483 were loaned out, and 25,223 consulted in the reading-room, among the latter being 108 manuscripts. Besides, 5,662 works were asked for, which were either not in the library, or at the time loaned out. Twenty-three works were borrowed for the use of readers from other libraries, mainly from the Danish library at Copenhagen. The alphabetical catalogue of authors is steadily kept up to date. The Storthing has been requested to appropriate for the introduction of electric light into the reading-room, which contains 2,500 works of reference.

The most important paper in the October *Antiquary* is Part IV. of Prof. J. F. Hodgetts's series on the Scandinavian elements in the English race. The picture here presented in detail of the political life and institutions of the Scandinavians is remarkably similar to the brief and general description in the 'Germania' of Tacitus. It is a pity that Mr. Hodgetts does not state from what sources he draws his information, how far his account rests upon the direct descriptions of the Sagas, and how far it is a matter of inference from later authorities. As it stands, the description of the All-ting here given affords the best commentary to the 11th and 12th chapters of the 'Germania' which we have ever seen. The same remark applies to other parts of the paper. We cannot think, however, that Stonehenge can possibly be referred to the Anglo-Saxon period, being erected for the purposes of the Ting. In another article, Mr. J. H. Round continues his assault upon Mr. Freeman—"Is Mr. Freeman accurate?" He succeeds, as in his former article, in convicting Mr. Freeman, not merely of *error*, from which, as he says, no one can be free, but of *inaccuracy* in certain points. Two of these cases, at least, are of considerable importance, and one of them—in relation to a Roman gateway at Colchester, a favorite class of subjects with Mr. Freeman—is incredible, seeing that the misstatement was uttered after he had made a perambulation of the walls in company with the members of the Archæological Institute. No doubt omniscience is Mr. Freeman's foible, as it was Macaulay's, but we do not think that even such instances of carelessness as Mr. Round detects can seriously detract from his reputation as on the whole the most widely and most minutely learned of English historians.

In *L'Art* for October 1 (Macmillan) G. Dargenty repeats the national estimate of Gros, the historical painter of the First Empire, with the aid of several engravings from his works, where photographs from the canvas would have done more justice to the artist and his critics and given greater satisfaction to the patrons of *L'Art*.

Nearly half of that portion of the last number of the *Vierteljahrsschrift der Astronomischen Gesellschaft*, in which are printed the reviews of current astronomy, is devoted to the work of American astronomers, the papers noticed being those of Prof. Arthur Searle of Harvard College on the zodiacal light, of Prof. Todd of Amherst on his researches, theoretical and practical, relating to a trans-Neptunian planet, and of Prof. Edward C. Pickering of Cambridge relative to Sir William Herschel's observations of variable stars.

With Part 42 of the 'Allgemeine Naturkunde' (B. Westermann & Co.) the story of the earth is concluded. In the chapter on coral reefs and atolls, the origin of the latter as imagined by Darwin is implicitly accepted, though subsequent modifications of his theory are referred to without being described. Parts 43-50 are ethnological, dealing with the inhabitants of the South Sea, who are depicted with the greatest fidelity to nature in black and white and in color after photographs. Illustrations of weapons, implements, ornaments, stuffs, etc., etc., also abound.

From the same firm we have continuations (Parts 11-13) of the illustrated 'Geschichte der Deutschen Kunst,' in which we pass from German architecture to German sculpture again; of the 'Kulturgeschichte des Deutschen Volkes' (Part 3), rich in curious pictorial examples of costumes, occupations, amusements, knightly contests, punishments, domestic living, portraits, and fac-similes of mandates, title-pages of books, etc., etc.—the wood-engravings being liberally supplemented with chromo-lithographs; finally, of Richard Andrees's 'Allgemeiner Handatlas' (Parts 3, 4) in which the double maps of England and the Austrian Tyrol are especially striking, though Sicily and Sardinia, Scandinavia, Baden, Hungary, Greece, Ireland, and Scotland are also worthy of mention. The coloring of this atlas is singularly delicate.

So long as the Masoretic text of the Bible "must go," it is well that the critics should be taught how to get rid of it in a decent and orderly way. This lesson may be learned by reading and rereading the Prolegomena to Dr. Cornell's work on the Book of Ezekiel ('Das Buch des Propheten Ezechiel;' Leipzig, 1886; pp. 515). Concluding, with Lagarde, that all the existing MSS. of the Hebrew Bible were made from texts originally derived from one copy, and that a not particularly correct one, and that the text of the Book of Ezekiel is specially corrupt, our author has, to remedy this defect, examined and used all the important MSS. of the Septuagint and of the Ethiopic version; has examined all the citations of the Church fathers, of what is extant of Aquila, Symmachus, and Theodotion; has collated the Targum and the Peshito, and has drawn some slight help from the Coptic, Armenian, and Arabic translations. The variations from the *textus receptus* were then used as sparingly as the author considered necessary, much of the change consisting in the removal of glosses, so called. On the basis of this critical material Dr. Cornell furnishes a new text, unpointed, with a translation and commentary. It is, however, not to the latter that we desire to draw attention, but to the Prolegomena—to the method rather than to the results.

—In the review of the Comte de Paris's 'Gettysburg,' in the *Nation* of October 21, we inadvertently attributed to the editor, Col. J. P. Nicholson, the opinion that the battle of Gettysburg was "as decisive in its character and far-reaching results as the battle of Waterloo." This expression occurs in the *publishers'* preface, and should have been credited to them and not to the *editor*. We regret the mistake.

—The most noticeable article in the November *Harper's* is Mr. George P. Lathrop's account of "The Literary Movement in New York." The portraits that illustrate the paper, of which several are very good, are those of our contemporaries; but the text includes in its scope the literary New York of the past. The treatment is exhaustive. Indeed, the writer seems to have had in mind as a model that recent general survey which Mr. Stedman, by an infelicitous accident, entitled "The Twilight of the Poets"; and Mr. Lathrop has succeeded so well in imitating the encyclopædic method of his senior that he has given us a kind of "Twilight of the New York Literati." To what end is this laborious cataloguing of names that cruelly provoke from some dark corner of our memory the old couplet of Dr. Holmes?—

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"Whose wide renown beyond their own abode
Extends for miles—along the Harlaem road."

New York literature has had an illustrious past, and has now a busy present, in whose annals are some justly distinguished names. Why not be content with this, instead of pulling a drag-net to catch all the little fishes in our stream, and invading the precincts of neighboring States into the bargain? Why need we claim Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner from Hartford? or Joaquin Miller from the West merely because he once alighted in the city for a season? If every one who visits here, or has ever even been domiciled here, is a citizen, how eminent we should be! No; New York has a metropolitan literature of great variety, with much cleverness and some freshness, and a group of men who display great energy of production. There is poetry and prose; comedy, drama, and epic; criticism and fiction. It is a city of magazines, publishing houses, and clubs. But now that city life is not so necessary as it was in old days to cultivation both in writer and reader, it is perhaps best not to look for a town movement in literature; perhaps we shall find only a town activity in book-making and magazine-writing. But beyond all this, the prominence given to insignificant work, and the seeming willingness of the younger writers to pose before the public, are signs of evil tendency; literature loses its dignity, and becomes hardly more than a chapter of journalism, when it is treated in the highly self-conscious, wide-advertising, critically futile style of which this paper is an example. The worst of it is that the literary men who know better, yield to it with so amiable a surrender. In the rest of the number there is a pleasantly gossipy article by Mme. Adam, "How I Formed My Salon"; some nature sketching by Mr. Gibson; and an account of distributive coöperation in England.

—The *Century* has sent out advance sheets of the first chapters of the Life of Lincoln which is to be begun in the next issue of the magazine. These contain an account of the ancestors of Lincoln, and of his own frontier boyhood and youth, and the social conditions in which he grew up. The founder of the race is believed to have been a Norfolk Lincoln, who settled in Hingham, Massachusetts, about 1638. The line is traced through Quaker blood in Pennsylvania to the Virginia branch in the person of Abraham Lincoln, the President's grandfather, who, probably in consequence of family relations with the Boones, was the Kentucky pioneer. The Lincolns seem to have been people of means, and this last-mentioned pioneer was a man of large acres. It would thus appear that the illiteracy and poverty of Lincoln's early years mark only the temporary decadence of a strong and intelligent race under the pressure of border hardships. What these hardships were is admirably told, with a fulness of fact and incident, a comprehensive brevity of statement and illustration, which augur well for the literary workmanship of the future chapters. The frankness and plainness of the narrative of these years, which were traversed by Lamon, are proof that the writers aim to be simply truthful; and the picture they afford of Lincoln's boyhood is strikingly vivid, and stands out almost hard in its clearness. The mental curiosity and the moral temperament of the boy are visible in his habits and acts, and anecdotes exhibit his peculiar sensibility to suffering, his habitual helpfulness to all sorts of people amid all varieties of circumstances, his equability, enterprise, and sense. The illustrations are abundant and include all kinds of interesting things, from facsimiles of land warrants and marriage entries to sites of the old cabins, drawings of them from memory, and the massacre of the grandfather by an Indian "of terrible aspect" done by the imagination. On the whole there is every sign in this first instalment of a noble chapter of American history told man-fashion.

—'What I Believe,' reprinted from the English edition, and translated by Constantine Popoff (New York: W. S. Gottsberger), makes the fifth form in which Count Leo Tolstoi's essay on his religious convictions can now be enjoyed by people who are given to comparing the ways of translators. In common with the French version, 'Ma Religion,' and the rival English version published by Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., in the volume entitled 'Christ's Christianity,' it has the advantage of being made directly from the Russian. Each one of these three editions contains variations not found in the others. This may be owing to their having been based on different manuscripts, from which sentences were unintentionally omitted, or to like omissions on the part of the translators. This matter cannot be settled by reference to the Russian text, unfortunately, since publication is prohibited in Russia, and the Geneva publisher says: "My publication of Tolstoi is really abbreviated. I left by side all the text of the Bible. Different subjects are treated in his work twice. I left them away." Still, it is sufficiently full to confirm the two English versions and the French one on points where they differ from the American version through the French. The French one seems to have been made more conscientiously, as a whole, than is usually the case when the Gallic mind undertakes to reproduce Slavic ideas; but even this cannot prevent misapprehension on the part of the second translator, which must always render direct translations preferable. Two instances which occur within a few lines of each other on pp. 48, 49 of the American version known as 'My Religion,' will suffice to illustrate this point. "And in the inner world of the human soul, the law is as absolute as it was for the hearers on Galilee, more absolute, more clear, more immutable. . . . Of Jesus a disciple may now say with greater confidence than they of Galilee," etc. Mr. Popoff gives the passage thus: "There is a law in the heart of each man as immutable as the law of Galileo. . . . It is with greater confidence than even Galileo that the follower of Christ can say, in defiance of all the temptations around him," etc. The other English direct translation reads: "That this is so is a law of the human soul as immutable as the law of Galileo, nay, yet more immutable, more clear and complete. . . . The disciples of Christ can say in answer to all temptations and threats even with greater certainty than Galileo. . . ." The Russian says: "For the inner world of man, the law of Christ is still more absolute, immutable, and clear than the well-known law of Galileo for the physical world; . . . so that the follower of Christ's doctrine can say to those who threaten and pursue him, with even more confidence than Galileo," etc. And, finally, the French runs: "Et dans le monde intérieur de l'âme humaine, c'est une loi aussi absolue que la loi de Galilée, encore plus absolue, plus claire et plus immuable. . . . Un disciple de Jésus peut dire avec plus d'assurance que Galilée, en depit de péripéties souvent douloureuses et malgré les menaces." On the whole, Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.'s edition would seem to be the most desirable. It is more smoothly rendered than Mr. Popoff's, it seems to be as faithful to the original as his, and it possesses one advantage over all other editions, namely, that it contains, in addition, 'How I Came to Believe' ('A Confession,' in the original), which forms an introductory essay, and a condensation of two other manuscripts, interesting to those who desire to understand fully the workings of Count Tolstoi's mind in this direction.

—Mr. Bonar, in his recent 'Malthus and his Work' (see *Nation*, No. 1060), rendered a valuable service to the general thinking public, as well as to students of economics, by making both the Malthusian doctrine itself and the history of its origin and reception more accessible than they had hitherto been. Those who find the size of Malthus's great work somewhat formidable may obtain in Mr. Bonar's book a condensed statement of its contents, an impartial consideration of some of the most prominent criticisms that have been levelled against it, and much interesting and important information about Malthus himself and about his other writings. Those whose interest in the subject has been stimulated by Mr. Bonar's book, will especially welcome the appearance of a German monograph which presents an acute, impartial, and very readable discussion of the views held by the chief Socialistic writers upon the doctrine of Malthus. We refer to Dr. Heinrich Soetbeer's 'Die Stellung der Sozialisten zur Malthus'schen Bevölkerungslehre' (Berlin, 1886), a paper which well deserved the prize awarded to it by the University of Göttingen. The author has the rare merit of not only knowing the exact meaning of the Malthusian doctrine, but never losing sight of this exact meaning. The main part of the book is preceded by an introduction, containing a concise statement of the doctrine, a brief mention of the forerunners of Malthus, and a very brief survey of the opinions of some prominent modern economists. The writer then examines successively the view of William Godwin and of Robert Owen's disciple Thompson; of the French Socialists, especially Fourier, Blanc, and Proudhon; of the German Socialists, who occupy 68 pages out of the 112 which the book contains; and, finally, of Henry George. Dr. Soetbeer recognizes the remarkable literary merits of Mr. George, and then proceeds to expose the utter shallowness of his views on the subject of population. As regards the Socialist writers in general, it appears that the majority of them acknowledge, either explicitly or implicitly, the truth of the general doctrine of Malthus, although, with one or two conspicuous exceptions, they heartily detest its founder and imagine they have overthrown his position. The author accords the most quiet and impartial treatment to all the subjects of his criticism; even the grossest errors seldom call forth anything harsher than a gently humorous dismissal. One cannot fail to be impressed with a sense of the strength and depth of a work which has so withstood the attacks of three generations of opponents that a thoroughly fair-minded critic like Soetbeer can endorse only one important objection which has been made against its teaching, and this relating not to the main doctrine, but to a question of practical policy arising under it.

—The evidence of the wisdom of the Trustees of the James Lick Trust in locating their great observatory on the summit of Mount Hamilton, California, continues to accumulate. The astronomer who first visited the site of the projected observatory, Mr. S. W. Burnham of Chicago, remained upon the mountain during a period of two months, making the most delicate astronomical tests of the atmospherical conditions, and found during the period August 17 to October 16 inclusive forty-two first-class nights, seven medium nights, and eleven cloudy and foggy nights. There was not in the whole time a single poor night when it was clear. This was in 1879. Prof. Holden, now Director of the Observatory, visited the mountain in the autumn of 1881, and found during the period October 20 to November 9 fourteen nights which were perfectly clear, with at least average conditions of vision, and one of them was exceptionally fine. A year later Prof. Todd, who conducted the observations of the transit of Venus, remaining upon the mountain

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from November 21 to December 21, found four nights totally cloudy, fourteen partly cloudy, six clear with good "seeing," and seven clear with exceptionally fine conditions of vision. During the past summer Prof. Comstock, an astronomer familiar with the average atmospheric conditions at Eastern observatories, remained at the observatory from July 24 to August 23, for the purpose of making a preliminary study of the character and performance of the new meridian circle. His report upon the conditions of vision from the summit of the mountain is not less enthusiastic than that of the astronomers who have preceded him; and he found during the period above mentioned that there was no night upon which meridian observations would have been impossible, and but three upon which clouds would have appreciably interfered with observing. The average "seeing" during that period he estimates at four on a scale in which five would represent absolutely perfect conditions. The rapid progress which the Lick Trustees are now making towards the completion of the observatory, justifies the expectation that within a year regular observations may be begun.

RECENT NOVELS.

Princess. By M. G. McClelland. Henry Holt & Co.

A Playwright's Daughter. By Mrs. Annie Edwardes. Harper's Handy Series.

My Friend Jim. By W. E. Norris. Macmillan & Co.

A Wicked Girl. By Mary Cecil Hay. Harper's Handy Series.

Gloria Victis. By Ossip Schubin. From the German, by Mary Maxwell. W. S. Gottsberger.

Aphrodite. By Ernest Eckstein. From the German, by Mary J. Safford. W. S. Gottsberger.

Pepita Ximinez. From the Spanish of Juan Valera. D. Appleton & Co.

The Buchholz Family. By Julius Stinde. Translated from the forty-ninth edition of the German, by L. Dora Schmitz. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

A GENUINE surprise awaits the reader on the last page of Miss McClelland's 'Princess.' All the way through he has been conscious that the writer is inclined to treat her not altogether sympathetic subject in a tentative way, which is highly suggestive of a moral see-saw. When the catastrophe inevitable in that form of diversion is reached at last, after much clever balancing, the surprise consists in the ending that ideal morality is left, as usual, high and helpless in the air. The other end of the beam, being decidedly overweighted with the hero, the heroine, her loveliness, and her heart burdened with scruples, lands naturally and comfortably on the earth. There could be no possible objection to this very commonplace ending, if the author had only professed from the first to relate a plain tale, photographed conscientiously from real life. But this is precisely what she did not profess, until her mind misgave her that it would not conduce to the success of the book if the lovers were to be left to mourn apart the existence of logic and lofty ideals in this prosaic century. The struggle between this conviction and the elevated sentiments which she would prefer to advocate, if expediency would permit, is painfully apparent, and mars the sense of unity and calm strength with which alone such a topic can be successfully treated. There are more people who share charming Pocahontas Mason's prejudice against divorced people than the writer seems to imagine, though at first she attributes this and all other old-fashioned virtues to the survivors of the ancient Virginia families, and to one Northern family. Hence, her hero, who, married or single, always looks much more than he means, and makes love to every pretty woman, does not excite the reader's sympathy, when Pocahontas, indignant at his duplicity in courting her before he is divorced, and at his audacity in trying, as a divorced man, to marry her, refuses him. That the Princess should reject a noble suitor, and eventually marry this dishonorable man, simply because he indulges in some pining of the cut-and-dried novel type, not only is a disappointment in an artistic sense, but contains a covert plea for divorce on the slightest of grounds. The really touching and dramatic scene between the divorced parents, over the deathbed of their child, while the new husband waits impatiently in the parlor, is a waste of good material in a bad cause, since it leads to nothing, and merely serves to remove a possible obstacle to the hero's second marriage. Novels "with a purpose" are a mistake unless they handle the subject, generally an unpleasant one, with an unflinching boldness commensurate with their importance. Half-heartedness is out of place, and it is the characteristic quality of 'Princess.'

If an old favorite like Mrs. Annie Edwardes sees fit to indulge in so hasty and uneven a bit of writing as 'A Playwright's Daughter,' she must take the consequences. According to her theory, as here set forth, an English father plus a Russian mother equals an irresistibly charming and thoroughly Russian daughter, Tania by name, whose wit and grace of manner no other nation could produce. But the Russian girl as depicted by Russian writers is a very different character. As a matter of fact, Tania is nothing but the American girl, as depicted in English fiction under the most favorable circumstances, with one important difference, viz.: that if any American girl were to take the liberties with etiquette which Tania allows herself, it would not be designated as "fascinating," but by some of the adjectives which are specially reserved for ill-bred visitors from the Western hemisphere. To make the inconsistency still more glaring, Tania is constantly referring to the strict propriety of her own conduct, which she has been drilled into during her school life on the Continent, as compared with the terribly lax ways of English girls. There were great possibilities in this girl of seventeen, but the author, after having made her commit various solecisms and fall in love with the wrong man, as usual, not only declines to extricate her from the dilemma, but ruthlessly kills her that very night. One regrets her death, because it is quite uncalled for on any hypothesis, except the one that the author had wearied of her subject.

No book has recently presented so good an opportunity to compare old methods with new as Mr. W. E. Norris's sketch, 'My Friend Jim.' The subject is practically the same, so far as it goes, with the one developed at much greater length by Thackeray in 'Vanity Fair.' The careers of Becky Sharp and Hilda Turner are identical in scope. Jim is not unlike Rawdon Crawley, but, more fortunate, he escapes the latter's fate and does not wed his Becky. The man who assumes the second part of that rôle takes matters much as Rawdon did; there are several to take the part awarded to Lord Steyne; there is even the suggestion of a murder towards the last, and a neglected little son, although Hilda, unlike Becky, does not even pretend to sew on a tiny shirt for him long after he has grown up, in order to exhibit her maternal devotion. Still, the parallel holds good, so far as that isolated section of Thackeray's work is concerned. This is unfortunate in some respects. It makes Mr. Norris's work seem more superficial, more inadequate than it would if it could be read with no afterthought. Mr. Norris's stage is small, his characters few, his treatment graceful, as usual, but more than usually shallow—so much so, that he gives no specimens of his heroine's fascinations, though she rises, by reason of them and of her supreme selfishness alone, to the very apex of social rank. If this is a correct picture of the English society of the present day, there is no moral, except that whatever Mr. Norris touches, however slightly, is sure to afford pleasant reading.

It is not usual to assign the rôle of background to the nominal heroine of a novel, but that is the wise course which Mary Cecil Hay has adopted in the story completed on her death-bed, 'A Wicked Girl.' It would have been difficult to draw an interesting portrait of the pretty and angelically amiable young person in detail. She would have seemed insipid, since her only claim to attention is the absolute absence in her composition of the sense of right and wrong, even to the point of murder when her jealousy is aroused. As a dark and mysterious background to the other characters, and revealed chiefly in hints, she is effective. The part of the heroine accordingly falls to her sister, who sustains it with great spirit, from the day that she undertakes the investigation of the Wicked Girl's first crime, through a courtship by another acute investigator, and a personal experience of the young person's methods, to the customary dispensation of poetical justice on the last page. Like other works from the same hand, it furnishes agreeable reading for an idle hour, though the superficial treatment of the really ingenious leading idea destroys all claims to greatness or to permanent literary value.

The second volume of Ossip Schubin's (Lola Kuerschner) *catalogue raisonnée* of the Austrian nobility, which bears the ambitious title 'Gloria Victis,' forms no exception to the rule that sequels are a literary mistake. The indomitable pride of that nobility forms her patriotic theme, but, according to her own showing, the majority of its members marry into the shopkeeping class which they scorn, and have criminal dealings with rascally adventurers. If she had been content to tell even such a discreditable tale in a straightforward manner, assigning to her nominal hero and heroine the prominence which is their right, and bringing the whole of the story within the covers of one volume, success of some degree might have crowned her efforts. But she attempts both too much and too little. Due subordination of the characters and incidents is not preserved; all the actors are treated on exactly the same plane. They resemble a group of figures by Lucas Kranach, where each individual defends his right to the foreground; or a company of actors ranged before the footlights at the end of a comedy, and all endeavoring to speak at least one word of the "tag." And tag it is throughout, the history of each person who is introduced being narrated with exactly the same amount of circumstantiality, without regard to the relation which he or she bears to the story. The translation seems to be well done, but the mistake of rendering *Flieder* by elder flowers appears as usual. Elder flowers are not cultivated in Paris for ornament, nor do they come on the first of May. Lilacs meet all the requirements, and leave *Holunder* to stand for elder.

There is no fault to be found with the manner in which the well-worn machinery of omens, goddesses, pirates, flower-girls, revellers, the talented sculptor of plebeian birth, the patrician maiden more beautiful than Venus herself, and the chorus of citizens, works in Ernest Eckstein's romance of ancient Greece, to which he has given the attractive title of 'Aphrodite.' Everything is perfectly planned and executed, but it remains a machine-made product. The spirit of the age is not present in that all-pervading and subtlest

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form which alone affords an excuse for an historical romance, and which alone can insure its immortality. The reader is left cold and unmoved—an unpardonable fault—in the most forcible scenes, and does not feel that he has really come to know and love the clearly delineated characters. The Grecian temple of wood which serves for a church in many a village of New England awakens no emotions of art or beauty in the soul, such as the original fane of marble evoked even in untutored hearts. The author has not himself penetrated deeply enough into the spirit and homes of the people whom he seeks to portray, to produce more than a passing illusion on the mind of the reader. The translation reads smoothly.

"One of the jewels of literary Spain" is what a Spanish critic has pronounced the most popular book of recent years in that language, Don Juan Valera's novel, 'Pepita Ximinez.' In the special introduction which the author has prepared for this translation he styles it "the least insipid of the products of my unfruitful genius," thereby providing an explanation in addition to the one which he alleges for the extreme popularity of the book. Insipid is the exact word which applies to most novels of the modern Spanish school, if there be sufficient substance to merit that designation. Even Señor Valera's other books, which necessarily contain the same elements, to a certain degree, since they are inseparable from the Spanish character, do not possess the same claims to attention. 'Las Ilusiones del Dr. Faustino,' his most pretentious novel, which turns on the (in Spanish) almost inevitable pivot of the love of an uncle and niece, and their ineffectual struggles to overcome this specially attractive phase of the tender passion, is much inferior to the work under consideration. The plot is of the simplest, but it covers ground which is thoroughly familiar to many besides Pepita and her lover, who have traversed at least a corner of it at some period of their lives. Young Don Luis, the only child of a wealthy country gentleman, returns to his native town on a farewell visit to his father, previously to taking priest's orders, and going as a missionary to the East. As to his vocation the devout and handsome young fellow has not the slightest doubt, until he meets Pepita Ximinez, whom his father, in company with many others, is courting. Pepita is exquisitely drawn. Her womanly charm is so tangible that it unites with the young theologian's devoutness to lend a perfume of spring and flowers to the few and simple incidents. Even her manner of forcing Don Luis to avow his love at last does not seem unwomanly, under the peculiar circumstances, since she is evidently right in thinking that the priesthood is not the place for him. He immediately proves the justice of her argument by committing nearly all the capital sins in one day. The skill with which this situation is led up to, the profound but not cumbrous analysis of his own heart which the young man commits to writing in his letters to the priestly uncle who has brought him up, his struggles and Pepita's against what they regard as sacrilege, and the warmth and breadth of feeling which breathes from every page—these distinguish the story above others not dissimilar. Of the two indispensable elements of romance in a Southern land where the Roman Catholic faith prevails, love and religion, there is no better exponent than 'Pepita Ximinez.' The Introduction is of great interest. The translation gives an excellent idea of the original, though there are places where more simplicity of diction could have been employed to advantage. Here and there, too, little characteristic touches are omitted. It is well that this book, famous in all Spanish-speaking lands, has at last been presented to English readers in something approaching an adequate form, since the mutilated translation published in England under another title did not do justice to the delicacy of style which, as the author himself says, forms its principal charm.

German critics are a little inclined to attribute the phenomenal popularity of 'The Buchholz Family' to the praise of Prince Bismarck, and to the attention which it has attracted abroad. This is hardly fair and not at all probable, since Germany is not given to accepting the dicta of strangers on any point. The high price of novels in Germany also tends to keep sales low, even with a popular work. Yet this series of letters from a middle-class, typically German *Hausfrau*, who is utterly devoid of sentiment, poetry, of any feeling save jealousy, of even instinct save the maternal one, has passed into its fiftieth edition. It is not so remarkable when examined with a little more attention. The tendency in Germany, even more than in America, has been in the past to select subjects for literary treatment from the two extremes of the social scale. The books which have made a reputation have all depicted either the aristocracy or the peasantry. As the peasant did not peruse the literature which affected him, to any great extent, his opinion of the sketches cannot be known. When the same writers, nearly all belonging to the middle classes, attempted to picture the nobility, it is to be feared that the nobility smiled—if it ever saw the attempts. At all events, neither noble nor peasant recognized his own portrait as sufficiently faithful to inspire him with a desire to possess a copy for himself, to the number of many thousands. The truth is, that the great success of these brief sketches of middle-class people and their ways, drawn by one of themselves, is due to the fact that they have been recognized as perfect likenesses by the people who unconsciously sat for them. Not that they make a personal application to their own case, but they recognize the likeness to their neighbors, which does not impeach the truthfulness of the portrait, but merely adds a zest to their enjoyment in contemplating it. More than this, Dr. Stinde has made his Wilhelmine Buchholz so vitally feminine in her petty traits that she will appeal to the heart of many a woman in other ranks of society, who would, nevertheless, consider this German woman "common." Common she certainly is; but the way, for instance, in which she breaks off and renews her connection with the hated Bergfeldt family, is not unknown in other lands and circles. The other actors possess the same vital quality, though they are limited to casual exhibitions of it, in subordination to Wilhelmine. As a whole, they present a perfectly real but depressing class of the community, which is wholly wrapped up in its own petty interests, which has no ambition to elevate itself in any way—which, indeed, seems unconscious that there is anything higher than itself and its unintelligent ways, except when some member of the circle, like Emil Bergfeldt, chances to recall the fact by marrying a little more money than it is accustomed to. Frau Bergfeldt has not an idea beyond snubbing or conciliating her dearest female friends, who are also her natural enemies, and getting her daughters married; yet her native mother wit enables her to say things which are clever enough and droll enough to appeal to highly cultivated readers, if the latter will take the small trouble of adjusting the focus to their own vision. The translation is very good, though phrases occur on almost every page where a more literal rendering would produce an equally spirited effect, and would contain more of the full flavor of the original.

BLUE-BEARD.

Gilles de Rais, Maréchal de France, dit Barbebleue (1404–1440). Par l'Abbé Eugène Bossard. D'après les Documents inédits réunis par M. René de Maulde. Paris: H. Champion. 1886. 8vo, pp. 426, clx.

In the fifteenth century the two most picturesque figures are Joan of Arc and Gilles de Rais, and fate threw them together, for De Rais was placed in charge of Joan on her expedition for the relief of Orleans, and remained by her side until the repulse at the Porte St. Honoré. In death, also, they were, in some sense, not divided, for Joan was burned for sorcery in 1431 and Gilles in 1440. Here, however, the comparison ends; for Joan is enshrined in French tradition as little short of a saint, while Gilles is regarded in his native Britanny as the original of the monster Blue-beard. We are not sufficiently versed in the dubious science of folk-lore to decide whether the Abbé Bossard has made out his case that the Marshal's career is really the source of the nursery tale, but he has undoubtedly shown that, to the Breton peasant, the two personages are one, dissimilar as were the crimes of the real and of the fictitious monster.

Gilles de Rais was born of the noblest parentage, and inherited ample possessions, increased by his marriage with the heiress Catherine de Thouars, rendering him one of the wealthiest men in France. In the troublous times of the English wars he threw himself eagerly into the desperate cause of Charles VII., and his conspicuous gallantry was rewarded, at the age of twenty-five, with the high dignity of Marshal of France. He was not only a *preux chevalier*, but a man of education and culture. Chance allusions show that in his library he had St. Augustin's 'City of God,' Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' Valerius Maximus, and Suetonius; and one of the reasons given for his loving an Italian adventurer was the choice Latinity of the latter's conversation. Of music and the drama he was also passionately fond. With such advantages and accomplishments, it is not easy to set bounds to the career open to him in the war of liberation which finally expelled the English from France.

Nevertheless, in 1432 or 1433 he withdrew from active life to his estates, and seemingly devoted himself to dazzling the multitude with a display of regal magnificence. In Orleans, during four months in 1435, he is reported to have squandered 80,000 gold crowns, and to support his prodigality he was forced to sell one splendid fief after another. His family, alarmed, procured royal letters interdicting him from making contracts, but Jean V., Duke of Britanny, forbade the publication of the letters within his dominions, and continued to take advantage of his spendthrift vassal's necessities by purchasing his properties.

The reckless noble, however, in these sales reserved a right of redemption in six years. He had become infatuated with alchemy, and, in daily expectation of mastering the grand arcanum, he was ever on the threshold of illimitable wealth and power. Now alchemy was almost invariably connected with necromancy. The aid of demons was requisite to enable the adept to penetrate the occult secrets of nature, and Gilles was ever on the watch for an expert who could control or placate the malignant spirits to the fulfilment of his desires. He was consequently the dupe of a succession of charlatans, and nothing in the history of magic is more instructive than the simplicity of his own relation of the credulity with which he accepted the excuses of his quick-witted deceivers for their failures. They could always at will evoke demons and obtain responses when alone, but when he was present the familiar spirits obstinately refused to appear, or to accept the written compacts, signed with his blood, which he vainly sought to transmit to them. To win the favor of a demon

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named Barron, he offered him the hand, the heart, the eyes, and the blood of a child; but even this was fruitless. The popular impression respecting him was that he killed pregnant women, and children, in order with their blood to write conjurations, and Monstrelet informs us that he confessed to eight score such murders; but on his trial the only instance of necromantic bloodshed was this single case.

His crimes, in fact, were of a darker hue. There are some subjects so repulsive that one hesitates even to allude to them. To minister to his depraved appetites, children were brought to him, who were promptly put to death to secure secrecy; and he found a delirious delight in watching their death-agonies, which he skilfully prolonged by mangling them with his own hand. In the present age we might hesitate to admit such possibilities in human nature but for remembering the passionate eagerness with which the Roman Senators and matrons watched criminals torn limb from limb by the beasts in the arena, and the voluptuous excitement which Tiberius and Nero and Claudius found in witnessing human suffering. It is consoling to reflect that such survival becomes rarer in the development of the race, although the crowds which still gather to witness a hanging, show that the brutish instincts are not yet extinct.

The Church alone could assail a man who stood at the head of the baronage of Britanny, and who was allied with all the most powerful feudatories. Fortunately it was the interest of both Church and State to destroy him, for Jean de Malestroit, Bishop of Nantes, as well as Duke Jean, had been a purchaser of his lands, and both might well desire to see him out of the way. In the summer of 1440 the Bishop commenced a secret inquest against him; but though his purveyors had been enticing children from all the land, so well had his hideous secrets been kept that nothing but vague conjectures could be elicited against him. In September, however, he was arrested with his confidential retainers, from whom it was easy, by means of torture, to obtain the requisite avowals. The trial was as remarkable as any of the other incidents in the culprit's career. At first he haughtily refused to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the Bishop and inquisitor, and insulted them in the grossest terms. Then, suddenly, in the interval between October 13 and 15, he submitted, and became as anxious as his prosecutors to publish the fullest confession of his iniquities. His character, in fact, affords a curious subject for the psychological student. He was a devout son of the Church, regular in its observances, and extremely solicitous about his salvation. In all his projected compacts with Satan he had carefully inserted a clause that he should not suffer in body or soul. He repeatedly proposed to wipe out his sins by a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. After his confession, when he had nothing further to hope on earth, he exhorted the crowd to hold fast to the Church and to pay her the highest honor; he had always done so himself, but for which he believed that, in view of his crimes, Satan would have strangled him and carried him off, body and soul. We can only conjecture that, seeing conviction inevitable, he impulsively rushed to the end in the full belief that, through the ministrations of the Church, his sins would be forgiven; and thenceforth he manifested the most profound assurance that he should pass at once to the great joys of Paradise without even the probation of Purgatory.

When sentenced, as a heretic and murderer, to be hanged and burned, he made but two requests —one that the clergy of Nantes, on the day of execution, should make a solemn procession to pray God to keep him assured of salvation; the other that two of his servants, condemned to die, should suffer with him, that he might set them the example of a good death, and that their salvation might not be imperilled by anger through supposing that he was to escape. Both prayers were granted, and the morrow saw the extraordinary spectacle of the whole population of Nantes, who had been clamoring for his blood, marching through the streets, singing and praying God for him. On the road to the gallows and stake he assured his servants that, as soon as their souls left their bodies, they should all meet in Paradise, and all three made a most edifying end. His body was not permitted to be consumed in the flames, and was honored with a magnificent funeral in the Carmelite church, where lay the dukes and all that was most illustrious in Britanny; but to this day the peasant who approaches at dusk his ruined castles of Tiffauges or Machecoul, crosses himself and crouches past with bated breath.

Such is the dramatic story which the Abbé Bossard has treated from documents which, though consulted by former historians, now for the first time see the light. His work is a model of all which such a book ought not to be. A suoject requiring treatment of the severest dignity and reticence has been adorned with false rhetoric and padded out with platitudes, in addition to occasional careless inaccuracy. In spite of the tragedy which he relates, there is one passage which irresistibly impels a smile, when the fact that the Church punished relentlessly the invocation of demons forces him to pause and argue that the swindles of the Marshal's necromancers were probably real. Fortunately, the unaffected learning of his collaborator, M. Maulde, who supplies the interesting documents printed in the appendix, furnishes a corrective of the Abbé's one-sided performance.

The Memorial History of Hartford County, Connecticut, 1633-1884. Edited by J. Hammond Trumbull, LL.D. 2 vols. Boston: Edward L. Osgood. 1886.

THIS coöperative history bears a close external resemblance to the same class of works issued under Mr. Justin Winsor's editorship, such as the 'Memorial History of Boston' and the 'Narrative and Critical History of America.' It is handsomely printed, and is abundantly illustrated with maps, views, portraits, and facsimiles. Its readability varies not only with the theme and the writer, but with the scheme, which in the second volume consists of an alphabetical treatment of the towns of the county, while the first volume is given up to broad discussions—of the geology, aborigines, settlement, organization, etc., down to prominent business men. The genealogical data which we are accustomed to expect in the ordinary county history are here wanting, except in connection with the account of Windsor.

The small territory under review had less than the highest claims to be so copiously and sumptuously commemorated. Other parts of New England have a much better title to distinction—other parts even of Connecticut, though in Hartford County the first beginning of civil government was made, in the spring of 1636. The settlement along the river towns by the dissatisfied emigrants from the Bay colony has all the historic significance for the county at large which belongs to New England's growth and development. Considered in itself, as a protest against the interference with individual liberty arising from the theocratic constitution of the Puritan State, the new plantation does not possess much importance, seeing that the ascendancy of liberal political and theological ideas has been less marked in Connecticut than in Massachusetts. Nevertheless, the story of their relations is part of the necessary reading of any student of the rise of either commonwealth, and is told in a very attractive manner by the Rev. J. N. Tarbox, the corypheus of the associated writers, among whom Miss Mary K. Talcott has also a prominent part. In our brief comments we shall confine ourselves rather to matters curious than polemical.

Jonathan Edwards and Noah Webster stand near the head of the famous natives of Hartford County, among whom, besides Wolcotts and Ellsworths, were also John Fitch, inventor of the steamboat; Samuel Colt, inventor of the revolver; Sylvester Graham, of dietetic notoriety; Elihu Burritt; J. G. Percival, the poet; Mrs. Emma Willard, best remembered by her "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," etc. Among the founders were ancestors of Aaron Burr, Horatio Seymour, Henry Ward Beecher, and Gen. Grant. A noticeably large number of immigrants have lent lustre to the county, particularly in the domain of letters, from John Trumbull and Joel Barlow to "Peter Parley," Mrs. Stowe, and "Mark Twain." Dr. Horace Wells, over whom the ether controversy is again revived, came from Hartford, Vt.; and apropos of the medical profession, Dr. Wainwright gives some entertaining particulars. He is unable to decide whether the "opening Kellies child" recompensed to Dr. Rosseter in 1662-3 by the Court was an antemortem or post-mortem operation; if the latter, then it was the first recorded autopsy in New England. Physicians were formally invited to settle, like clergymen. "Dr. Primus," an ex-slave and assistant of Dr. Wolcott, acquired a reputation for skill worthy of his master; and much later, 1850-53, a clergyman's sister, "Miss Doctor Lucy," proved a homœopathic practitioner of ability, though without diploma or regular medical training. In Hartford County, by the way, was formed the first homœopathic medical society in the State.

Tobacco has been grown in the county ever since its settlement, and the local crop is fifteen per cent. of the State's total. It was early made the subject of "protection," and "any person who should 'drink' any tobacco, except such as was grown within the liberties, was fined five pounds." But seven years later (1647):

"No person under twenty shall take tobacco, unless he is already used to it, or can bring certificate of a physician that it is useful to him. . . . No man shall take tobacco publically in the street, nor in the fields or woods, unless on a journey of ten miles, or at the ordinary time of repast called dinner, or if it be not then taken, yet not above once in the day at most, and then not in company with any other," etc.

The Rev. Nathan Strong's "earlier ministry was complicated by business transactions of a rather questionable and embarrassing character," he having bankrupted himself, in short, in a distillery traffic, and only by courtesy being spared a lodging in jail for debt. The jail in Hartford, we observe, in passing, was on the same square with the stocks, the whipping-post, and the meeting-house of the first congregation. In 1774 the prisoners in Trumbull Street jail petitioned for an extension of the jail limits, because the abominable state of the roads kept the charitable from having ready access to them.

Schools do not cut much of a figure in this chronicle. The libraries, however, are noteworthy in number, excellence, and correlation (or concerted differentiation) in growth and use. The industrial and financial chapters and sections possess a high degree of interest. An amusing incident relates to one-day brass clocks. The inventor, Chauncey Jerome, in 1842 sent Epaphroditus Peck to England to introduce them there:

"Mr. Peck found the cheapness and small size of his clocks the greatest obstacle to their sale, dealers thinking these a sufficient proof of their worthlessness. The British Government, suspecting the low valuation which was put upon

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them at the custom-house to be fraudulent, confiscated the first cargo, paying therefor, in accordance with the custom-house regulations, the importer's valuation with 10 per cent. addition. Mr. Jerome, well pleased to sell his clocks by the cargo, sent another load, which was seized on the same terms. A third cargo was allowed to pass, and, after much trouble, was sold in small quantities."

The axes made in the town of Collins, to the number of 15,000,000, "are known and used all over the world." In Manchester are made the best American silks.

In the insurance business Hartford leads the country, and has been the seat of many extraordinary experiments. There was the American Temperance Life Insurance Co., which virtually involved taking the pledge. There was the Live Stock Insurance Co., which came to a disastrous end by reason of the opportunities for fraud, and of which nothing remains but "experience." A pattern for the engraved seal, in the possession of a director who sunk $10,000, "is proudly pointed to by its owner as the second costliest picture ever in Hartford." There was, even as late as 1855, a business of slave and coolie insurance, which suffered from causes like those which wrecked the Live Stock Co. It shows the mutability of earthly things that, being told of the reorganization of the damaged Charter Oak Life Insurance Co., with Geo. M. Bartholomew president and C. E. Willard secretary, we are assured that "under their able and upright management several millions have been returned to policyholders, and the final dissolution retarded far longer than was once thought possible." The subscription-book business, in which Hartford is preëminent, also invites a few words here, but we must conclude.

Memorials of Washington and of Mary, his Mother, and Martha, his Wife. From Letters and Papers of Robert Cary and James Sharples. By James Walter, Retired Major 4th Lanc. Art., etc., etc. Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. 362.

THIS book, valuable in itself, but aggravating on account of its lack of order, is issued doubtless to call attention to a most interesting collection of portraits now making the tour of the United States for exhibition and possible purchase. It seems that James Sharples, whose pastel portraits of distinguished Americans about the years 1795-1798 are treasured for their evident faithfulness, was sent over to America by Robert Cary, who was the English agent, friend, and admirer of Washington. The artist was commissioned to paint a portrait of the President, and he performed his task well, by securing two portraits of Washington from life, as well as one of Mrs. Washington. Incidentally he made a few sketches of other American ladies and brought these back to England, unfinished. He was also probably intrusted with a torn and disfigured canvas—being the portrait of Washington's mother, painted by an English officer named Middleton—to see what could be done by the restorers in London.

Sharples's widow seems to have retained all of these pictures after his death, and to have sold them to Robert Cary or his brother. Mary Washington's portrait was restored by Edward Bird, R.A., and Maclise renovated and finished the female heads. How much the present pictures owe to the later brushes cannot be told, probably; and yet, if the original sketches reached such a stage as would have allowed Sharples to finish them from memory in England, it may be conceded that Bird or Maclise had ground enough for faithful work.

We may, then, cheerfully acknowledge the real value of the Washington pictures, the more readily because the autotypes bear out the story. The portraits are not only good, but they are satisfying to the imagination—more so, perhaps, than Stuart's or any other likeness of Washington. For example, contrast this portrait of Mary Washington with the one in Mr. Lossing's recent book. It is dimly shadowed forth in this book that these pictures can be bought. If so, Congress ought to attend to this affair promptly, recognizing that they are invaluable and that their possession is a national enrichment. The pedigree of the pictures seems to be well established, since they have always remained in some branch of the Cary family. They have been known as existent by many Americans, they have been seen in their English custody by many eminent connoisseurs, and they have twice been exhibited in this country.

We regret exceedingly that the labor of preparing this history has not fallen into better hands. Evidently the letters of Sharples, printed consecutively and in their integrity, would be a precious chapter in the memoirs of the period. The story of the Carys and their relation with Washington would be readable. The testimonies here copied to the value of the portraits are appropriate and worthy of preservation. But all is obscured and almost lost in the hands of the present editor. We hope some one who can tell a straightforward story will yet have access to these treasures.

The name of Sharples or Sharpless recalls the fact that many of his pastel drawings—the artist's originals, so to speak, from which he worked—were preserved "down South." A large number of them were cut from their frames, and the prized bundle buried, owing to the fear of an inroad of troops during the Rebellion. When recovered it was found that there were the frames inscribed with names, but no one had thought to mark the pictures. Identification was thus only conjectural, and though many were so recovered, a very considerable number were not. For some years the portrait of the wife of Judge Cushing figured as Martha Washington, the critics accepting a youthful matron of thirty in place of one of nearly seventy years.

We can only add that the autotypes are charming, and fully justify every would-be purchaser of the book in disregarding the text, and in finding the value of his money in the illustrations and in such facts as he can dig out for himself.

Skat: the German Game of Cards. B. Westermann & Co.

AT Coblenz, where the Moselle River empties into the Rhine, the yellow floods of the tributary are for miles distinguishable from the blue-green waters of the "coupe des nations," as Lamartine calls the German river. Similarly, German social life, with its pastimes and characteristics, remains a distinct feature in this cosmopolitan city of New York, into which the stream of immigration empties its floods of Germans year after year. They become Americans soon enough, politically, commercially, industrially; and Karl, Heinrich, and Hans are Charley, Harry, and John before they have mastered the language into which they are so eager to translate their names. But the best of them, the well educated and gentlemanly, with no anarchist bent or other disqualification, do not *socially* enter into the American life, as a rule, for a generation. Neither do Americans take cognizance of the real social characteristics of their new brethren in politics. Of course, the well-to-do of both nationalities meet on a footing of social equality at receptions, parties, and balls; but who finds social pleasure where there is as little occasion for asserting one's individuality as there is elbow-room? A large number of Americans attend the Liederkranz balls and can be met at the homes of wealthy Germans. But these, in a great measure, have long ago divested themselves of the really characteristic home *agréments* of the Fatherland, and care little to do missionary work in opening up to Americans a vista of the hearth-pleasures and the intimate social life of the German household. Indubitably the German *Gemüth* does lend a charm to the enjoyment of life in the home circle, for there can be nothing more thoroughly enjoyable than a German *Polterabend*, Sylvester-night amusements, and the *Julklapp* at the Christmas tree—which latter, as well as Moltke, has conquered even the hereditary enemy. We do not, of course, refer to the loud-mouthed *Gemüthlichkeit* of the ordinary and extraordinary *Kneipgenie*, which the average American is too apt to consider the characteristic of the German.

The late Friedrich Kapp, indeed, was inclined to advise his countrymen to shuffle off as soon as possible the German coil, and become Americans on landing here. One may be allowed to think, however, that the flavor of foreignness which an educated German diffuses in American homes is far from disagreeable to equally well-bred Americans, and that, meeting as social peers, either should assimilate what is best in the other—that the yellow Moselle should merge in the blue Rhine and vice versa—because nobody is so perfect, individual or nation, as not to find something worth learning from another. If, as Goethe maintained, mastering a foreign language doubles one's individuality, how much more valuable would be the full knowledge of another *Volksseele*, as it manifests itself in its most intimate social life.

To come to our point, the card game of Skat is a feature of great magnitude in German social life, at the fireside, and in the *Stammkneipe*, in whose dingy circumference his Excellency, the Privy Councillor, the Professor of Pehlevi, the General of the Army, and the merchant prince, as well as the *dii minorum gentium*, meet at their *Stammtisch* for a game of Skat. While this country is given up to lawn-tennis and other English sports, the great German community have so far not exerted themselves to bring their favorite pastime before the Americans, and the little pamphlet whose title we give above, is, we believe, the first attempt in this direction, and consequently possesses greater importance and significance than its slender size would betoken. Skat is a power in German life. Even Wilhelmine Buchholz became one of its devotees at the first sitting, albeit in the uncongenial company of her son-in-law and his doctor friend, who explained its principles to her, withholding, however, as she asserts, the best tricks and slyest devices for their own advantage. But winning a Grando without four Matadors sweetens for her the dire confession that the card devil had secured a new victim.

A Budget of Letters from Japan. By A. C. Maclay. A. C. Armstrong & Son.

WHETHER to take the advice of one's friends or enemies as to the publication of a book, is a question to be pondered. A true friend in such a time of need is hard to find, for the flattering relative or acquaintance is likely to be more of an enemy than a heartless critic. Judicial impartiality, most needed by a new author, is a commodity difficult to obtain, and is not usually wanted by those who need it. The truthful critic, though following a noble calling, is rarely appreciated by the public or by those criticised.

Mr. Maclay went out to Japan in 1873, at the age of twenty, and became a teacher in the schools of Japan at Hirosaki, Tokio, and Kioto, and returned home when but twenty-four. He

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had opportunities to see much of Japanese life and scenery. He wrote many letters while abroad, and from his accumulated epistolary matter compiled the staple of his book. He submitted his manuscript to "impartial readers," who advised him to print. He says he threw out "all matter that had been dwelt upon to any extent by other writers upon Japan," and seems to believe that he offers us "fresh material upon this subject." Readers of the scores of books on Japan, published during the last two decades, will hardly agree with the author. He has threshed out old straw, and the good grain set forth is slight in quantity and unattractive in quality. His grammar is defective on many pages; his slang is abundant; he does not know how to spell, and apparently how to pronounce, Japanese names. His geography is sometimes topsy-turvy: he locates the chief orange-producing province of the empire several hundred miles away, and confounds it with one of the four great islands. His slovenliness, for a teacher, is unpardonable. He assaults voluminously "Mills and other infidel authors." He luxuriates in the vice of callow authors, in their first appearance in a book, of impaling his enemies, and of ventilating pretty much all the subjects upon which he holds opinions. Nearly one-half of this book, which purports to treat of Japan, is taken up with discussions on cosmogony, woman suffrage, British manners and customs, and the theology and expediency of missions. This is hardly fair to the purchaser, who asks for fact and gets sermons.

Apart from these defects, the reader who wishes an easily written account of life inside Japan will enjoy the pictures of school ways and works, of the peculiarities of native schoolboys, of the old feudalism, now extinct, of the popular drinking and smoking customs, and narratives of pleasant journeys. The conversational or epistolary style puts one at comfort immediately, and the whole budget can be read during an evening. Good print, binding, and index are noticeable. The illustrations number over two dozen, and among the hackneyed subjects are a few of fresh interest.

The Names of Those Persons who Subscribed towards the Defence of this Country at the Time of the Spanish Armada, 1588, and the Amounts Each Contributed. With Historical Introduction by T. C. Noble, and Index. London: Alfred Russell Smith. 1886. 8vo, pp. xxxv and 92.

THE list of names here printed is from a "scarce quarto tract of 1798, issued by Leigh & Sotheby, York Street, Covent Garden." It contains 2,416 names, belonging to 36 counties, and gives an aggregate of nearly £75,000. Its authenticity appears to be well established. One of the proofs is given here in full, in the shape of a requisition by the Queen for a *loane* upon Thomas Lawley, a part of which reads: "Wherfore, we require you to pay to our use the sume of Twenty-fyve Pounds to such p'son, as by our Lieutennt of that county shal be named to you by his hand wryting." On this document is a receipt of Apr. 19, 1589, signed by E. Leighton, and a further endorsement, "Salopp, Quinto Mail. 1590. Repayed unto his assignes by Killigrew," while the printed list contains the name of Thomas Lawley for £25, paid April 19. It will be seen that this contribution was not a free gift, as one would suppose from the title-page, but what the historians call a "forced loan," levied the year after the invasion, to defray the extraordinary expenses of the defence; and that, being a loan, it was promptly repaid the next year. We find, on looking over the list, that the largest number paid twenty-five pounds; there were some thirties, forties, and fifties, and a few of a hundred pounds, which is, we believe, the largest sum contributed. The city of London, by the way, is not contained in this list, having made a special loan of £54,000.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Axon, W. E. A. The Annals of Manchester: A Chronological Record from the Earliest Times to the End of 1885. Manchester, Eng.: John Heywood.
Barr, Amelia E. The Bow of Orange Ribbon: A Romance of New York. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.00.
Bell, A. M. Essays and Postscripts on Elocution. Edgar S. Werner. $1.25.
Brooks, H. M. Literary Curiosities. [The Olden Time Series.] Boston: Ticknor & Co. 50 cents.
Clement, Clara Erskine. Stories of Art and Artists. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Co. $4.00.
Collar—Daniell. The Beginner's Latin Book. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.50.
Cousin, J. The Book of Fortune. Two Hundred Unpublished Drawings With Introduction and Notes by Ludovic Lalanne. London: Remington & Co.
Doble, C. E. Remarks and Collections of Thomas Hearne. Vol. ii. (March 20, 1707—May 23, 1710.) Oxford: Clarendon Press.
Fallows, Bishop S. Past Noon; or, Life's Golden Sunset. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe.
Habberton, J. Just One Day. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 50 cents.
Hanus, Prof. P. H. Elementary Treatise on the Theory of Determinants. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.90.
Macaulay, Lord. Warren Hastings. Chautauqua Press. 40 cents.
Norris, W. E. A Bachelor's Blunder. Henry Holt & Co. 50 cents.
Phelps, Elizabeth Stuart. The Madonna of the Tubs. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Pollard, Josephine. Vagrant Verses. Phillips & Hunt. $1.00.
Roche, J. J. Songs and Satires. Boston: Ticknor & Co. $1.00.
Russell, W. C. A Voyage to the Cape. Harper's Handy Series. 25 cents.
Scott, Sir W. Ivanhoe. Boston: Ginn & Co. 70 cents.
Stephens, Ann S. Fashion and Famine. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 75 cents.
Thackeray, W. M. The Newcomes. In 2 vols. [Handy Edition.] Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
The Great Debate: A Verbatim Report of the Discussion at the Meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, Oct. 7, 1886. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Walter, J. Memorials of Washington, and of Mary his Mother and Martha his Wife, from Letters and Papers of Robert Cary and James Sharples. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Weatherby-Dealy. The Land of Little People. Scribner & Welford.
Welch, Emma A. Intermediate Problems in Arithmetic for Junior Classes. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.
Wells, J. W. Three Thousand Miles through Brazil. Illustrated. In 2 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $4.
Wells, S.; Treat, Mary; and Sargent, F. L. Through a Microscope. Chicago and Boston: Interstate Publishing Company. 60 cents.
Wenckebach, C. and H. Die schönsten deutschen Lieder. 2d ed. F. W. Christern.
Wendell, B. Rankell's Remains: An American Novel. Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Westall, W. The Phantom City: A Volcanic Romance. Harper's Handy Series. 25 cents.
Wheeler, Prof. A. M. Sketches of English History. From the Roman Conquest to the Revolution of 1688. Chautauqua Press.
Whist Primer for the Use of Beginners. Excelsior Publishing House. 10 cents.
White, A. The Problems of a Great City. Scribner & Welford.
White, E. E. The Elements of Pedagogy. Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co. $1.17.
Whitman, Sarah W. The Making of Pictures. Chicago and Boston: Interstate Publishing Company. 60 cents.
Wilford, Prof. T. F. Book of Recitations and Dialogues. Excelsior Publishing House.
Wilkinson, W. C. Classic French Course in English. Chautauqua Press. 60 cents.
Williams, G. A. Topics and References in American History. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.
Williams, Prof. S. W. Queenly Women, Crowned and Uncrowned. Illustrated. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe.
Willard, Frances E. How to Win: A Book for Girls. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.00.
Willoughby, H. Australian Pictures, Drawn with Pen and Pencil. Illustrated. T. Nelson & Son. $3.50.
Winchell, Prof. A. Walks and Talks in the Geological Field. Chautauqua Press. $1.
Winchell, S. R. Elementary Lessons in Greek Syntax. D. Appleton & Co.

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